# FELIX ALVAREZ;

OR,

# Manners in Spain:

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS

OF SOME OF THE

PROMINENT EVENTS

OF

THE LATE PENINSULAR WAR;

AND

*AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES*

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER;

INTERSPERSED WITH

POETRY,

ORIGINAL, AND FROM THE SPANISH.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER XX.




# FELIX ALVAREZ

## CHAPTER XX.

Gitanos.—The Plot developed.—The Domingode la Piñata.—Midlent Night, or La Noche de ver partir la Vieja.—A serious Interruption of a merry Hoax.—An Explanation.

"HOLD your tongue, woman, you are wasting your breath; I have sworn it, and I will do it—*por vida de Santa Barbara.*"*

"Look to it then yourself. I have warned you enough, Lord knows. Hav'n't you been out in your reckoning three times already, and been left *fresco?*† and hasn't San

* By the life of St. Barbara.

† *Quedarse fresco* is a familiar expression meaning to be disappointed.

Anton Abad himself, with his little pig behind him,* appeared to me in a dream, and warned me that no good will come of it? Rather give the money to the gentleman again, and leave the Señora alone."

Such was the conversation of a gitano, (1) or gypsey, and his wife in a miserable hut at the Poblaciones or new settlement in the Isle de Leon; a spot which was intended as the site of a large marine town, and where a naval school, a foundery for cannon, and magnificent barracks, have been erected; but the poverty of the people has frustrated this plan of the government; a number of wretched hovels are the only habitations that have grown around these fine public buildings, and they are the receptacles of all the misery and vice of the town of la Isla de Leon.

Although the days were long passed when the death of a rival, or of an enemy, was considered as a laudable means of sa-

* Saint Antony Abad is represented with a pig following him, and is always talked of as *San Anton Abad, con su cochinillo al Canto.*

tisfying revenge or of ensuring personal safety, yet in that extraordinary race of men, the gitanos, there were not wanting unprincipled and depraved beings, who, without feeling the injuries of another, would undertake to revenge them for a comparatively trifling pecuniary consideration. Lorenzo Pinoso, this gitano, had promised to become the instrument of the vengeance of one who imagined that his own safety existed only in the death of his victim. Luis Mosquera was his employer, and the person whose destruction he had in charge was Ismena Valdez.

The more Mosquera reflected on the conversation he had had with Ismena, the more he was alarmed at the idea that she had received intelligence from Alvarez, of whose escape from Puerto de Santa Maria he had been informed by Leblanc. His eyes had now been opened, and Mosquera could not doubt that if he had found means to convey a letter to Ismena, it must have contained an account of his villany, and of

his employment at Cadiz. Why she had delayed to expose him, he could not imagine; but his fears informed him that she had it in her power to do so; and the man who could sell his friends by wholesale to the shambles of the human butchers of the second of May, would not be deterred by any moral principle from the destruction of a single enemy. Lorenzo Pinoso had promised, for a length of time, to put an end to the constant anxiety which the dread of Ismena occasioned him. Several plans had been laid for this purpose, but they had all been frustrated, apparently by accidental circumstances. A considerable time had elapsed since these fears had first been awakened in Mosquera's mind, but time had rather strengthened than destroyed them, and he found that there was no peace for his mind, while he imagined his secret in the hands of Ismena. The sentence of her death, therefore, which he had signed, remained unrevoked; the execution of it only was deferred.

The gay days of carnival were over, and Time had worn his gloomy garb of Lent for a whole week; gaiety had been frightened by it, and had deserted her favourite residences, Cadiz and the Isla, but the sorrowful gaditanos, devoted to her worship, made one attempt to recall her: happy in having any pretext for renewing the conviviality and merriment of the carnival, and unaccustomed to the return of a Sunday, without a renewal of its amusements, the inhabitants of Cadiz devote the first Sunday in Lent to the ceremony of breaking the porringer, which is no longer useful for the preparation of their repasts of animal food. This festival, stolen from the days of fasting, is christened in Cadiz, *Domingo de la Piñata.* (2) All the tertulias assemble in their greatest force, decked in the smiles which have been laid aside during the preceding week. A large crock, or porringer, is suspended from the ceiling, and is to be broken in token of its being

no longer of any use. Every person in the tertulia is blindfolded by turns; and being armed with a stick, is allowed to walk from one side of the room to the other, endeavouring in his passage to break the unnecessary Piñata; but as care is taken to deceive the blinded person as to his situation in the room, by turning him round three or four times before he commences the attack, the weapon is often handed more than once round the whole company, before it is successfully employed. The blow which succeeds in breaking the porringer produces a shower of its contents upon the fortunate striker. These generally consist of a quantity of various sweetmeats wraped up in coloured papers, and for which there is a general scramble amongst the by-standers. Sometimes, however, a number of birds are put in among the contents, which add to the confusion and fun, by flying about the room when they obtain their liberty; and it is not uncommon for

a cat to be enclosed in the brittle porringer, whose claws are the first to announce his success to the terrified destroyer.

Ismena had been invited by her friends the Nuñezs to join their party in Cadiz, to partake of the amusement they expected from passing the evening of the *Domingo de la Piñata* in the house of a rich merchant of their acquaintance. Having accepted their invitation, and become an inmate of their house, she was induced by the pressing solicitations to remain their guest for a few weeks; and she the more readily consented to this, from the uneasiness which she felt at the renewal of the mysterious warning of danger, which she could neither account for, nor anticipate, unable as she was to discover from what quarter she was to expect it. In the endeavour to remember any thing to which she could attach suspicion, the idea of Mosquera had sometimes crossed her mind; but the artifice which she had made use of to discover how far he was acquainted with

the plans of Felix, having failed in its object, had not remained in her memory; and although she believed that Mosquera disliked her, yet she could not imagine that his dislike was of so strong a nature as to induce her to fear any thing from him. To Alvarez her mind often reverted with an increased degree of affection, in proportion as his fate was enveloped in mystery; and as the only two subjects which constantly employed her thoughts were, her affection for him, and her alarm at the advice given her by the beggar, she was at length naturally led to link them together; and as the most probable supposition she could form, she argued herself into a belief that the danger which threatened her was from the jealousy of some woman who, herself in love with Alvarez, was aware of the feeling which he had excited in her breast. When this idea had taken possession of her mind, she lost herself in a labyrinth of perhapses. Perhaps her rival had been more successful

than herself in overcoming the affection of Alvarez for Rosa; perhaps she was acquainted with his present situation; perhaps her fears had been excited by his kind mention of her. Unable to satisfy herself with probabilities, she indulged herself in imagining an immense variety of possibilities, which employed her mind without satisfying her reason. What she was most at a loss for was an object, whom she might, with any shadow of reason, regard as this redoubted rival; and after running over the list of all the friends and acquaintances which Felix had in Cadiz, she at last fixed upon Dolores Morales, the lady with whom the reader will recollect Alvarez had early commenced an intimacy. Having once imagined a centre to which all her suspicions pointed, she found no difficulty in confirming herself in this opinion; she remembered Felix having talked of his meeting with Dolores; and what she then took for qualified praise, she was now convinced proceeded from

an anxious desire to hide the true state of his feelings towards her. She remembered too her joking him for his inconsistency in constantly visiting at the house of a woman of whom he professed to think so lightly, and the insufficiency of the arguments which he brought forward in his defence. She recollected, or thought she recollected, a thousand little things which she imagined would have convinced her of the truth of what she now saw, if she had but had her eyes open then. In short she firmly believed that Dolores Morales was her dangerous rival.

But Ismena had never seen Dolores. She was therefore delighted at the opportunity of returning to Cadiz for a few weeks, during which time she hoped to be able to meet her in society, that she might at least know her rival, if she were unable to obtain any further justification of her fears by conversing with her.

The *Domingo de la Piñata* passed; half the days of Lent had rolled over the

heads of the inhabitants of Cadiz, and Ismena had had no opportunity of seeing her rival, nor had she experienced any renewal of her alarm. The middle day of Lent is a merry one for the wags of Spain. In England there is but one fool's-day in the year; in Spain there are three. Innocent's-day, and *el dia de los reys*, or twelfth-day, on which days it is the custom to make fools, as in England on April-day; and the third is *la noche de ver partir la vieja*, the night when the old woman is sawed in halves. *La Quaresma*, or Lent, is intended to be personified as the old woman, and novices are made to believe that an old woman devotes herself to the death of being sawed in two, as an expiation for the sins of surviving Christians: the time when they are informed this ceremony is to take place is mid Lent, or twelve o'clock, on the night of Wednesday in its fourth week; and the place appointed is generally some frequented part of the city, where hoaxers are found at a

late hour of the night waiting for the credulous to inform them that the place is changed, and to dispatch them to some remote part, from whence they are sent again to some other place, if they are yet undeceived; if they discover the hoax, they must content themselves to bear the brunt of the hue and cry raised by the hoaxers after them as they make their escape.

M—— and the English companions, whom he had introduced to the tertulia at the house of Ismena's aunt, upon her removal to the Isla had become frequent visitors at the house of her friends las de Nuñez, and now formed the principal part of the tertulia there. These merry girls had formed a plan for practising this popular jest upon their foreign friends; and by conversing about it beforehand, had almost induced them to believe that such a ceremony, at all events one of some kind or other, was really to be performed. The hoax is so popular, and so universally

known, that wherever they asked for information, they received answers which confirmed their belief, so that they shrugged up their shoulders at the bigotry of the Spanish people, and expected to see something very extraordinary. Their Spanish friends had the satisfaction of finding the day arrive without their having an idea of the trick of La Vieja.

Being all assembled on the night of this extraordinary ceremony, the whole party, provided with lanterns, set out for the Plaza de San Antonio, that being the spot designated by common report for the scene of this tragical event, being one of the most public ones in the city. The ladies were each under the protection of a gentleman, in whose credulity they anticipated a fertile source of amusement. They arrived at the spot appointed; and found it only occupied by a number of stragglers, who were walking about, apparently without any expectation of an extraordinary sight. An exclamation of incredulity

escaped all the English officers at once; but they were so strongly assured by the ladies that there must be some mistake, and they had heard so much of it from all quarters, that they were undecided what to think. Ismena at last persuaded M—— to accost a party of four or five young men, who were before them, to endeavour to gain some information on the subject.

" *Señor! perdona vmd*—I beg your pardon, Sir; pray do you know any thing of the exhibition, which they say was to take place here?"

" We came here to see it too, Sir; but I rather think that it is a hoax."

The discovery that these young men were fellow gulls nearly occasioned a burst of laughter from the ladies. It was with difficulty they could keep their countenances. The conversation proceeded; and a gentleman who was passing having caught some words of it, easily understood the joke, and accosted them.

"If you come here to see the Vieja, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you had better go the Plaza de San Juan de Dios, where the ceremony is to take place. I have just come from thence, and could hardly get through the crowd; but you had better make haste, or you will be too late."

"*Gracias Señor*," said the young men, all at once, and set off running towards the Plaza de San Juan de Dios.

"*Gracias Señor*," repeated M—— and his companions, and hurried down the Calle Ancha, in their way towards the same place.

The ladies were delighted to pitch upon some frivolous excuse for laughter, and indulged themselves very freely in their mirth. They were going two by two along the street, at a quick pace. Ismena's arm was in that of M——, and they were the last couple of the party; in running, when they first left the Plaza de San Antonio, her ançle had turned, as she trod upon a stone

which gave way under her foot, and although she was not seriously hurt, yet she was unable to keep up with the rest of the party, who were at least half the length of the Calle de la Veronica, before her and M——, who was supporting her, when a man who had been some time at a distance behind them rushed forward, and aiming a blow with a knife at her bosom, exclaimed, "*Muera*," as his hand fell. The noise of his rapid approach had made her turn round; and as he came up, she raised her arm, in which she received the blade that was aimed at her heart. M—— caught Ismena as she fell, and the villain, who fled precipitately, had got too far off to allow those in the pursuit which was raised to trace his path. He escaped.

Ismena had fainted in the arms of her friend, and was surrounded by her companions, who had returned at his repeated calls; the officers all ran off in pursuit of the murderer, except one, who knocked at the *casa-puerta* of the house immediately before

them, and having brought the people to the door, obtained admission for the lifeless body of Ismena, who was left with her friends, while M—— and his companions went in search of medical assistance.

It was the house of a lady of fashion, La Condesa de Peñamar, into which the party whose mirth had so suddenly and so unexpectedly been put an end to, entered; and late as it was, the tertulia had not yet broken up: they were indulging in the general amusement of the evening; and having sent out a party of young people, whom they had imposed upon to believe the story of the old woman, in quest of the spot where her execution was to take place, they were anticipating the laughable appearance they would make on their return. Every body now crowded round Ismena, and every means was employed to restore her to life. M—— arrived with a surgeon, who dressed the wound in her arm, assuring her friends that no danger was to be feared from it. During the operation

of dressing it, Ismena recovered her senses; but from her weak and feverish state, the surgeon strongly advised her not being removed that night. The lady of the house kindly insisted on her remaining, particularly as she was not unacquainted with her, having sometimes met her in society. She was put to bed; and one of her friends, the Nuñezs, took upon herself the office of nurse; whilst the other two returned with their mother and M—— not without some fears at the idea of having to pass through the street where this event had happened.

Among the ladies who composed the tertulia at the house of la Condesa de Peñamar, was the imagined rival, to whom Ismena was inclined to attribute the perpetration of this act, Dolores Morales. When the tertulia was breaking up, she paid a visit to the room of Ismena, under the pretext of inquiring after her. Upon entering, she asked whether she was asleep, in an under tone; but finding that

she was not, she continued her conversation with Concha Nuñez, in an unrestrained voice. Ismena heard her; and turning round, she exclaimed.

"Great Heavens! I know that voice."

"That may be," said Dolores.

Ismena looked at her, and endeavoured in vain to call her features to her recollection.

"By your voice, I should take you to be the person who accosted me last carnival, at the masquerade, at the house of La Señora Chacona."

"Dressed as a beggar, was it not?" said Dolores; "Alas! Señora, the misfortune which I hoped to have averted has fallen upon you, in spite of my endeavours; and it is a most singular coincidence, that it should have happened, as it were, under my own eyes."

"Tell me, I beseech you," cried Ismena, "who is my enemy? how have I offended? and who are you, who take so kind an

interest in my safety, without being known to me."

"The service I would have rendered you is only what I would have done for any one in the same situation. But you are not in a state for conversation just now; repose yourself; go to sleep, and to-morrow I will talk to you."

"I shall have no repose, if you do not explain every thing to me now. I cannot sleep, if you leave me unsatisfied."

The eagerness and agitation of her manner convinced Dolores that she had better not defer her explanation until the next day.

"Well; if you will promise me, then, not to attempt to speak, but only to listen to what I have to tell you, I will satisfy your curiosity now."

Ismena promised to be silent, and Dolores continued.

"It is very likely that you may be acquainted with me by name, although you do

not know me personally. We have a mutual friend, a very deserving and amiable young man, whom I have often heard mention you, and in a manner which gave me a high opinion of you, Señorita. I allude to Don Felix Alvárez, from whom you perhaps may have heard my name. I am Dolores Morales."

At the mention of her name, Ismena looked at her with surprise, and a sensation something like fear. She had so settled it in her own mind, that her life had been attempted at the instigation of this very person, that she could not recover from her astonishment, at finding her supposed enemy in the person of one who had warned her of her danger. Dolores continued.

"It is long since I have heard any thing of Don Felix; and when he went away, I no longer heard any thing of you. With your person, however, I was acquainted; and your name was forcibly recalled to my recollection on the evening of the last

*noche buena.* My maid came to me when I was preparing to go out, and asked my advice how to act, having by chance made a discovery which involved the life of a lady. She then related to me, that having made an appointment to meet her lover upon a certain bench in the alameda, she had repaired to the place of rendezvous soon after dusk, and seated herself in a corner to await his arrival. The night was very dark; and she had observed two men, who were walking up and down, close to the benches in the avenue next to that where she had taken up her station.* Wishing not to be observed by them, as they approached, supposing they would pass as they had before done, she crouched down, so that the dividing back of the bench prevented her head from being seen.

* The avenues in the alameda are lined on either side with stone benches, one row of which serves for two avenues, being divided by a flat stone placed in the middle, which forms a back to both sides.

But the men did not pass, as she expected, but sat down upon the seat immediately behind her: while she was considering whether to remain in her uncomfortable position, or to move her situation, she was attracted by their conversation, in which your name was mentioned. One of the persons was wrapped up in a cloak, and spoke in a low whisper, so that she was unable to hear what he said; but the other replied in a more audible tone; and from his answers, she discovered that he was to lay wait, in the *calle del vestuario*, for a lady who was going to the *Misa del Gallo* in the church of *Los Descalzos*, and to stab her; and that it was to be done after the mass was over, that the crowd coming out of the church might favour the flight, and conceal the murderer. The person in the cloak, who was giving the directions, seemed to urge the necessity of not mistaking the lady, and of making the blow certain, as the girl concluded by the frequent assurances of the other man that no

mistake should occur; and from the whole of the conversation, she had no doubt that the lady referred to was yourself, whose name had been mentioned when she first heard them.

The men were interrupted by the ronda,* at whose approach they left their seats, and walked away. The servant was alarmed at the secret with which she had so unintentionally become acquainted; and without waiting for the appearance of her lover, she hastened home in the hopes of finding me, and of inquiring what she was to do.

Upon making her repeat her story, and questioning her upon the different points of it, I did not think there were grounds enough to infer that you were the person who was to be the victim of this plan, although your name had been mentioned, but it was possible that it might be so; and I was determined therefore to warn

* The patrole of the city, which takes its rounds at certain hours of the night, is called the ronda.

you of your danger, at the same time that I would render it impossible, by informing the police of the city of what was intended to take place in the *Calle del Vestuario*. This I did personally, having excused myself from joining a party who were going about the town, and taking the girl with me, who had heard the plot. From the manner in which she had told me the story, it appeared to me that your name had been so little connected with it, that I took upon myself to warn you, disclosing only to the Governor's secretary the intended murder; and orders were immediately issued for having a ronda in that street all the night upon the watch.

By the time that all this was arranged, it was so late that I despaired of finding you at home upon such an occasion as the noche buena; but concluding that, if you really were the person alluded to by the villains on the Alameda, you would be at *los Descalzos*, I went thither with my servant, in the hopes of finding you. The

congregation had assembled, and the service had already begun, but I waited patiently at the door, attentively examining every one who passed; you were one of the first who came out when the ceremony was finished, and I immediately recognized you; but, I had some difficulty in making up my mind to accost you as a perfect stranger, and with so uncertain a tale: I therefore desired my servant, who was dressed in a common cloth mantilla, to go up to you, accosting you as a beggar, and simply to warn you not to pass through the *Calle del Vestuario* that night. She executed her commission, and returned to me; we waited some time, and had the satisfaction of seeing that you took the advice given you; and on the following morning I had the still greater satisfaction of finding, that, by the warning to you, or the information to the police, I had prevented the execution of this crime; for the peace of the *Calle del Vestuario* had not been disturbed during the night."

Ismena was warm in her expression of gratitude to Dolores, and the more so as she felt how much she had injured her by a suspicion which she now disclaimed as impossible. She inquired as to the second warning she had so extraordinarily received.

"The circumstances which induced me to do that," said Dolores, "puzzled me not less than my conduct must have done you. It so happened, that during the last carnival I took a freak into my head to relieve the monotony of my life here, by a trip to the Isla, where I had some friends. A friend of mine was to accompany me; but on the morning on which we proposed the journey, he came to me, pleading business as his excuse for not going with me; but it was agreed that my servant and I should go down to the Isla in a *caleza*, and that he should follow us on horseback in the evening. In consequence of this arrangement, I set off with the very girl who was the discoverer of the plot of

the *Calle del Vestuario.* That circumstance formed part of our conversation on the way, and she related it again, commenting on its singularity. She said, what I forgot before to mention, that upon the approach of the ronda, the lanterns which they carried threw a sufficient light for her perfectly to distinguish the person of the one who was to be the agent in the murder, as he had no cloak on; and, as they left the seat, this very man turned his head round to look at the soldiers as they approached, and the light from a lantern shone full upon his face, which she was certain she should know again, as it was so singularly marked by a deep scar as of a sabre wound, which disfigured one of his cheeks, and his nose. After this the conversation changed; but was renewed upon arriving at the town of the Isla in an extraordinary way. I was not acquainted exactly with the residence of the lady, to whom I proposed paying a visit, and I desired the calezero to get down and inquire. While he was

gone upon this errand I observed a strange looking man prying very attentively into the window of a house; I remarked the circumstance to my servant, and we both looked at him. Before the calezero returned, however, he turned round. "Jesus, Señora," exclaimed the girl; "it is the very man whom I overheard upon the Alameda, on the *noche buena*." It was very true that he had exactly such a mark in the face as she had before described. He had observed her exclamation, and that our attention was directed towards him, and he went away, turning down a lane close at hand.

I did not know what to think of this circumstance; for I had heard that you were removed to the Isla, and it was possible that you might be more deeply concerned in the plot than I imagined. I was almost sorry that I had treated it so lightly, and was determined I would seek you out that very night, and make myself known to you, purposely to tell you all

that I know. I began to put my plan into execution immediately, by inquiring for your house. My surprise was great when I found that it was the very house into which I had seen the man prying. I no longer hesitated how to proceed, but went directly to call upon you. You were out; and I was informed that you were not expected at home till very late, as you were at la Señora Chacona's masqued ball.

I was very much annoyed at this, because I would have followed you any where but there; la Señora Chacona and I had once been upon good terms, but we had had a quarrel of a nature which would not admit of my entering her house. But I was so much alarmed at the idea, that it was probable your danger might be pressing that I followed a plan which was proposed to me by my servant. I procured the common garments of a beggar, and introduced myself into the crowded masquerade under this disguise. I was not long in finding you out, nor in seizing

an opportunity of speaking to you on the subject which so much interested you; but you were so much frightened that the effect of your terror stopped me in my disclosure. You fainted, and as I was most anxious not to be discovered by the mistress of the house, I left the room, and made my escape in the confusion consequent upon your sudden illness; quieting my conscience by the consideration that I had put you upon your guard; and, that in the morning I would complete the information which I had been prevented from giving you then.

The friend who ought to have gone down with us did not arrive that night, but came early the following morning, and I immediately told him all that I knew upon the subject of your danger. He told me that he was well acquainted with you, and he very kindly relieved me from the unpleasant necessity of apologizing for my unpardonable neglect in not having more distinctly warned you of your danger in

the first instance, by charging himself with the task of giving you all the information necessary. I was in great hopes that his communication would have had the effect of enabling you to counteract the plot of your enemies.

"Who was the gentleman who promised you to do this?" eagerly asked Ismena.

"Don Luis de Mosquera," said Dolores, and she looked to the ground; for she felt that her trip to the Isla with him had not been of a very virtuous nature, and she had modesty enough to blush at the recollection.

"Don Luis de Mosquera!" exclaimed Ismena, with the utmost astonishment.

She, however, did not explain her astonishment to Dolores, who would not allow her to talk against the prohibition of the surgeon; but having finished her narrative, and it being very late, she returned, promising to visit Ismena in the morning.

## CHAP. XXI.

Publication of the Constitution—Feast given by the Spanish Army at the Isla de Leon—Bombardment of Cadiz—The immense Mortars—Manner of avoiding the Shells.

THE subsequent conversations of Ismena with Dolores were calculated only to increase the doubts respecting the extraordinary attempt against her life, and to plunge this mysterious affair in a labyrinth of still deeper mysteries. She was unable in any way to account for the enmity which had followed her so long, and with such unremitting malice. But the natural strength of her constitution overcame the ill effects which might have resulted from the agitation of her mind; and the wound in her arm was of so little consequence, that in a

very few days she was enabled to return to her aunt's house in the Isla de Leon.

The interesting political occurrences which were passing in Cadiz, and which occupied the eager attention of every class of the nation, who all joined enthusiastically in the brilliant hopes which they excited, contributed in a great measure to divert her mind from the contemplation of her own extraordinary situation, by creating a lively interest in all around her, of which she could not but partake. The Cortes had at length realized the expectation they had so long raised, by the publication of the new Constitution—the corner stone, upon which was to be raised the emancipation of Spain from slavery and oppression—the shout which was to be added to the war-cry of the patriots—the standard of their rights, in the defence of which their blood was to flow. "Ferdinand the Seventh and the Constitution," was henceforth to be their bond of union, and their song of battle; and the enthusiastic heart of a Spaniard

heard the voice of victory in this addition to their established rallying-word.

This new bond of union was dispatched to every spot of Spanish soil untrodden by the myriads of the monsters of usurpation. It was every where publicly proclaimed and solemnly sworn to: but nowhere was this inspiring ceremony more impressively performed than in the Isla de Leon. In other parts this scene afforded the delightful spectacle of a family of brothers uniting to swear fidelity to their general parent, and for their general rights; but in the Isla de Leon it was a bond of friendship as well as of family union; and the spectator experienced at once the delightful sensations of beholding a family uniting themselves to defend their country, and at the same time taking to their hearts, and as it were naturalizing to their cause, a friendly band of foreign brothers.

The Constitution was solemnly proclaimed and read in three of the most public parts of the town by the Governor,

who passed through the principal streets in procession with all the municipal officers, crimson canopies being erected at the different stations appointed for the purpose. A fourth canopy was placed at one end of a vast open plain which lies between the town of the Isla and the head of the Bay, called the Campo de la Torre Alta; and here the Charter was again read aloud to the whole Spanish army, with the Regent, General O'Donnell, at their head. Mass followed; but the most delightful part of the ceremony was yet to come. The mingled huzzas from twelve thousand voices seemed to shake the very earth, and echoed to the skies. The men piled their arms, and marched regularly to another part of the plain, where they were expected by the whole of the British force, formed in lines of regiments, but without arms.

Upon the rising ground, from the height of which ascends the Torre Alta, which gives its name to the whole Campo, a number of large marquees had been pitched at

equal distances, in each of which a repast had been prepared by the officers of one of the Spanish regiments; and from the door of each tent was placed a narrow table, extending in a curved line about a hundred yards. These tables were plentifully furnished with boiled beef, cabbage, potatoes, and bread, and plenty of wine. It was at the extremity of these lines of tables that the Spanish army was halted, and the soldiers waited but the word of command from their officers, to invite their guests to the friendly repast. The signal was given by the Spanish General Officer conducting those of the British army, with their Aid-de-Camps, to the marquee prepared for them, an example which was followed by the several departments of the staff, civil as well as military, each of which had a separate table. The front regiments of the two columns then advanced towards each other. The officers were at some distance in front of the irmen, and each individual of the British regiment found a friend, who,

taking him warmly by the hand, led him to the tent allotted to them. The men continued to advance in regular order until within a few yards of each other, when all order was lost in the eager competition between the warm-hearted Spaniards, who should first embrace their foreign brothers, and encourage the shyness with which they at first received their kindness. Every one selected his companion: and some, running to those they had chosen, with open arms clasped them round their necks, while others, taking one by each hand, hastened to the appointed table. Regiment followed regiment, and the same scene took place with each, until all the tables were occupied; for it was so arranged by the chiefs, that the divisions into regiments should be of equal number in both armies.

At the table, the Spanish hosts paid the same attention to their guests that a dancer at a ball would do to his partner. They thought not of themselves until they had served their *compañeros*, and they all vied

with each other in the service of their friends. Wine flowed in abundance, and the consequence was what might be anticipated. Those who were not actually intoxicated, were sufficiently exhilarated by the effects of the wine and the animating bustle of the scene. In the tents of the officers the same warm-heartedness was displayed in a more polished manner; but at length the repetition of national and complimentary toasts produced the same effect as the coarser solicitations of the men: all were exhilarated, yet did there not occur one single altercation. As the officers left their tents they were cheered by the mingled multitude of happy friends; they were seized by crowds of the soldiers of both nations and carried round this scene of festivity and friendship, accompanied by shouts of "*Viva nuestros amigos, viva nuestros officiales!*—Long live our friends, long live our officers!" (3)

The feast ended, the partakers of it separated themselves into various parties;

some of whom strolled about the town singing and dancing, while others remained on the ground similarly occupied. The noisy mirth of these was temporarily suspended by the scientific singing of a German regiment in the British service, who, having collected together, joined their voices in beautiful harmony, chaunting their evening hymn. This music gained much by the contrast with the discordant medley of voices which preceded it; and its effect was indeed striking.

Ismena was a witness of this extraordinary and delightful scene, and it assisted very much in relieving her from the melancholy state of mind which had become habitual to her since the occurrences that had lately taken place. She thought much upon them, but was unable to draw any conclusion from her thoughts. Without understanding how she had incurred the enmity of Mosquera, she was convinced that he must be concerned in some manner in the plot against her, although she could

find no grounds for this suspicion further than her own imagination, corroborated by the extraordinary circumstance of his having taken no notice of the information he had received from Dolores Morales, and which he had promised to communicate to her. Why had he not done so? She was now unable to answer this question; for his intrigue with Dolores had ended in an open breach, of a nature which had induced her to refuse to renew their acquaintance, for the purpose of interrogating him on this point.

Mosquera, on his part, lived in constant uneasiness lest he should be betrayed to the police, and be prevented from profiting by the preparation he had been making for his escape, should he be reduced to the necessity of flying. He was, indeed, surprised and appalled by the communication which had been made to him by Dolores in the Isla; but he was so convinced by her manner, and by the choice she had made of a confidant, of no suspicion having fallen upon

the real object to be feared, that his pleasure at the good fortune which had enabled him to put a stop to all proceedings that might end in his detection, was greater than his regret at the partial discovery of his villany. But by entrusting her lover with this communication, Dolores had created a feeling in his breast very inimical to that which she required in the fortunate candidate for her favour. He could no longer look at her without a consciousness of guilt, which completely prevented him from feeling any sensation of pleasure in her society, and from being able to express the tenderness which was necessary to afford her any pleasure from his. An opportunity soon offered for a rupture, and they separated with feelings which rendered both equally averse to a reconciliation.

Mosquera found himself in a situation which required a great deal of circumspection, and which became every day more difficult. He had accordingly endeavoured to extricate himself from it as speedily as

possible, and had made representations to his employers which he expected would produce a permission to withdraw himself from Cadiz, where more than one person had already suspected the loyalty of his conduct. The failure of his plot against Ismena, unattended as it had been by any measures hostile to him, had almost convinced him that he could owe his safety to nothing but ignorance; and he concluded that his supposition with respect to the information she had received from Alvarez was erroneous. But whether so or not, he had reason to suspect more danger from other quarters; and as he could not hope to assassinate all his enemies, he relinqushed his persecution of one whom he now considered was to be feared the least, if at all.

But Mosquera had another reason to wish himself out of Cadiz, which had considerable weight with him, if it was not the most powerful of his motives. Daring as he was in defying the laws of morality and of his country, planning any crime, how-

ever heinous, from which he expected to derive individual benefit, he was rather cautious in the perpetration of such as required personal courage, or were accompanied by personal danger. He would in all cases most gladly avoid the risk of exposing his life; and the activity of the besiegers of Cadiz had placed the lives of all its inhabitants in a certain degree of danger, by the invention of a machine which enabled them to bombard it from a distance of more than six thousand yards. (4)

The shells that were dispatched from the enormous mortars which had been cast by French ingenuity in the magnificent foundery for cannon at Seville, paid their first alarming visits to the miserable inhabitants of the *Barrio de Santa Maria.** The range however, was gradually extended over the *Barrio de San Carlos ;* and the *Plaza de*

* *Barrio* is a civil division of the city, unconnected with the ecclesiastical one into *parroquias*, or parishes. The Barrio de San Carlos is the St. James's, and the Barrio de Santa Maria the St. Giles's, of Cadiz.

*San Antonio*, and the *Campo Santo*, were shortly afterwards included, leaving but a comparatively small portion of the city free from danger. The danger in itself was trifling, as the result of four months' bombardment proved; (5) for the shells were small, and were filled with lead instead of combustible matter, to give them sufficient weight to carry them the distance they were to go. Those, therefore, which burst, rather broke in pieces from the concussion of their fall than from the operation of the fuses, which, besides, were generally lost in the way. But they produced at first the effect intended by the besiegers, though not in the degree they hoped for. They created an alarm amongst the inhabitants: such as were rich enough took their families to the Isla, which speedily overflowed with these frightened emigrants. The meanest rooms in the remote corner of the city, which had been hitherto unattained by these fearful messengers of death, were hired at the most exorbitant prices, and the

vaults under the Muralla, which were bomb-proof, and which served as public magazines, were opened every night for the reception of such as had interest enough to obtain admittance.

But it was wonderful to see how soon the generality of the inhabitants became familiarized to the horrid hissing of these winged deaths. The little effect which they produced, and the smallness of the number who suffered from their fall, almost reconciled the Gaditanos to the noise of their approach. The admirable precautions adopted by the authorities contributed in a great measure to this end. It has already been remarked that the houses in Cadiz were very generally surmounted by high towers, to support which, the walls on the side where the *torres* are erected are of excessive thickness. It was soon found that these walls were sufficiently strong to resist even the accelerated force with which the shells fell; and the Governor lost no time in publishing a list of the streets

where these supporting parapets ran in a direction across the course of the shells, affording consequently a defence from them. With these every inhabitant became soon acquainted; and as the shell with its comparatively slow motion required upwards of a minute to perform its lengthened journey, men were stationed in two of the principal steeples of the city,* whose glasses enabled them to obtain the earliest information of the discharge of the well-known mortars, from the smoke which accompanied it: this event was instantly announced to the city by a single stroke on an enormous bell, at which solemn sound every individual sought safety in the defence of the nearest supporting wall, which occurred to his mind. The silent pause which every where followed the awful bell was only interrupted by the tremendous voice of the engine of destruction, as it approached with increasing rapidity; and the cessation of this stunning

* That of San Francisco, and that of San Augustino.

sound produced from every pious Spaniard an exclamation of thanksgiving, accompanied by a hasty sign of the cross.

The effect of the warning bell was electric, and produced a sensation in the mind which cannot be described. It might probably be the passing knell of some fellow-citizen, or perhaps one's own. It produced the same awful emotions in the minds of the whole city, and every one shared the same anticipation, and sought safety from the same danger. At the commencement of this bombardment, before its awfulness had been lessened by repetition, Mosquera found himself one morning in the *Plazuela del Correo*, one of the most frequented spots in all Cadiz, a mercantile rendezvous, from which the votaries of Commerce had not been frightened away: he was in conversation amidst a concourse of people when the loud toll of the bell of San Augustino vibrated on the air. Mosquera was unprepared for the unwelcome information which was thus conveyed to him; he hesitated

an instant, but in that instant he was alone; he looked in vain for the crowd which had surrounded him—he was a solitary being in the deserted plaza, and he was too much alarmed to attempt to fly from the fate which he fancied certain; but the revenge of Alvarez was not entrusted to the messenger which the bell had announced: the shell passed over him, and after some time he recovered himself. (6)

## CHAP. XXII.

Telegraphic Spies—El Vengador—Madrid free—Farewell of the French to Cadiz—The raising of the Siege.

THE course of Ismena's life in the Isla de Leon was suddenly interrupted by an event which she could not but deplore, although it left her mistress of a sum of money which ensured her independence; the death of her great-aunt, Mrs. Maglashan, who had long been bending under the weight of years, and who, in dying, made her grand-niece sole heiress of all she possessed: this amounted to a moderate income sufficient to satisfy the unambitious desires of Ismena; the event left her entirely alone, and unbound by any tie which could prevent her from

following the bent of her inclinations. Her friends the Nuñezs immediately proposed to her to become an inmate of their house, until she should come to some determination with respect to her future residence, and she gladly accepted the proposal. Her friends had been unable to obtain accommodations out of that part of the city of Cadiz which was exposed to the fearful visitations of the French shells, and were therefore obliged to reconcile themselves to the continual state of alarm in which they necessarily lived. But Ismena was unawed by their situation; and considering the few persons who had actually suffered during the bombardment, she dispelled her fears, and took up her abode with her terrified friends.

Mosquera in the mean time had been unable to endure the constant agitation which he suffered arising from his fears for his personal safety, apprehending equally the dangers within and without the walls of the town. He seized the opportunity of

the preparation which was making for an expedition from Cadiz, consisting of an almost equal proportion of British and Spanish troops, and having obtained some information true or false respecting its destination, counselled by his fears, he chose himself to be the bearer of this intelligence to his employers. He left Cadiz by means similar to those by which he had enabled Felix to leave it; and as the boat which bore him pushed off from the quay, he heartily congratulated himself at having escaped from the jeopardy which his pusillanimous disposition had so considerably magnified.

And timely was his escape. It preceded by a few days only the discovery of his infamy, and the publication of his name as a traitor. Never was the inactivity of the Spanish authorities more clearly exemplified than in the continuance of the gang of spies, of which Mosquera had been the principal, and in its tardiness in making the discovery which immediately followed the flight of that renegade. For

the purpose of making signals across the bay to the besiegers, a habitation had been taken at the top of a house in the Barrio de Santa Maria, upon which there was a tower somewhat higher than those which surrounded it, and which, being near the Muralla, was not hid by any intervening houses. Here one of the band of spies was in the habit of making signals, by exposing a certain number of lights, which were rendered more visible by the aid of reflectors. For an immense length of time this kind of communication had been carried on with impunity; many inhabitants of the town had observed these extraordinary lights, when either pleasure or business led them to walk that way late at night; but their observations were confined to a simple exclamation of surprise; and those whom it most interested to know it remained ignorant of it. At length, however, it was pointed out to the Governor, and the spy was seized during the process of transmitting one of these telegra-

phic dispatches. His arrest led to the discovery of the name of Mosquera, and of some of his papers, which clearly indicated the nature of his mission in Cadiz: his name became publicly known as a traitor.

When Ismena was acquainted with these circumstances, she became fully convinced of the truth of all her conjectures respecting his conduct towards Alvarez, of whose fate she had lately received some tidings from the public voice. The fame of the band of Felix Alvarez had preceded its formal organization into a regiment; and the public, with their characteristic fondness for agnomina, had already designated Felix by that of *El Vengador*, arising from the circumstance, which was generally talked of, of his having commenced his military career, for the satisfaction of personal as well as public vengeance. The history of his life, which was told in a hundred different ways, was become a very general subject of conversation, and the

official annunciation of the rank and honours bestowed on him and his guerillas gave very general satisfaction; but his fame, as *El Vengador*, had spread so far that no attempt was made to alter his appellation. (7) It was by that name that the newspapers recorded the progress of his band, his exertions, and his glory: the incidents which occurred during the siege of Tarifa had frequently been noticed, and many of his reports to his general copied into the journals. Thus for some time past Ismena had had Alvarez constantly brought to her notice; and his glory was a delight to her heart. In all her plans for her future life, she thought but of him; and she looked with anxious hope to the prospect of again meeting with him.

The greater number of the heroes of Tarifa had returned to Cadiz, and been received there with the applause and enthusiasm which their gallant conduct merited; and the British commander who had so nobly defended the walls of that

place, was the same that was now appointed to command the British part of the expedition which was preparing, and intended to act offensively against the enemy. It was not long before its destination was discovered to be the opposite coast: and its disembarkation took place at Huelba; but the public attention at Cadiz was drawn from this object, comparatively small, by the news of the freedom of Madrid, and the entry of the allies into that capital. This consequence of the ever-memorable battle of Salamanca had been anxiously anticipated by all the good citizens of Spain. The moment arrived at last; and it was announced to the inhabitants of Cadiz to prepare them for another, and to them a happier event, the freedom of their own city. The accounts of the delivery of the capital were read with the utmost joy by the too happy gaditanos. The shells, which flew over their heads in greater profusion than ever, excited but a momentary exclamation.

The solemn sound of the warning bell failed to produce the sudden and confused flight amongst the crowd gathered at corners where the accounts of this great event were stuck up: every thought seemed swallowed up in the anxious desire to hear the details of it. Almost every one had a newspaper in his hand, and was devouring its contents with his eyes, or reading aloud for the information of his friends around him.

" MADRID FREE! (8)

" August 15, ——. On the 10th and 11th inst. *Pepe* left this capital with about one thousand five hundred men, including three regiments of juramentados: about ten thousand fugitive renegades of all kinds followed their sovereign. Our redeemers entered on the 12th. The joy of these moments may be felt, but cannot be described. The Retiro was assailed on the 13th and 14th: at 12 o'clock on the 14th, the one thousand seven hundred

Frenchmen, and three hundred jurados of the garrison, capitulated. Large magazines of stores, clothing, and provisions, and one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, have been found. There have been three nights of illumination, and this is the fourth of universal delight. The satisfaction and jubilee of the people has been increased by the solemn and majestic festival of the publication on the 13th, and the swearing, to-day, of the constitution which has been formed in Cadiz, amongst shells and grenades, by the worthy representatives of the Spanish nation. The town of Madrid will always be an example of fidelity, submission, obedience, and constancy, in favour of the country. Three divisions will march to-day towards la Mancha. Deserters and fugitives arrive by crowds. We have good hopes in the juramentados, who go with Pepe by force.

" Madrid, Aug. 16th. At one in the morning of the 12th, the last of the French left Madrid without doing mischief. A

short time after, the allies entered with the seventh division, and two brigades of cavalry; as likewise the men of the Empecinado. The joy, and shouts of applause, the kisses and embraces which were mutually well received, are beyond all comparison, and cannot be expressed by the pen. *El Lord** is placed in the Palace: the apartments of the Infante Don Antonio have been given to him, having been chosen as not having been infected by the vapours of the vandals. Don Carlos de España is in the house of the Marques de Santiago: the Empecinado in the house of the Duke del Infantado; and the inhabitants contend who shall carry the rest to their homes. The mob went with their panderos† to tear down the branches of the young trees upon the alameda made by Pepe, at the Puerta de San Vicente, and formed them into maypoles, with which they went to receive *el*

* The Lord. Lord Wellington was very generally called so by the Spaniards.

† A rustic kind of tambourine.

*Lord.* Their mad joy is not easy to be described in its just colours: three days of illumination: the streets all hung with tapestry from the windows: all the world mad without knowing when they shall return to their senses. The allies are astonished to see these extreme effects of joy and gratitude.

"Pepina marched with all his strollers by the road of Aranjuez and Toledo, near which places the allies are pursuing them. It is stated that Toledo has already capitulated. The garrison of the Retiro, of one thousand eight hundred men, has capitulated: a thousand of them are sent off towards Arabaca. Eight hundred juramentados remain at the disposal of Government, and it is hoped that prompt measures will be taken concerning them. In the Retiro were found two eagles,* one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, twenty thousand stand of arms, one thou-

* *Aquilucho,* the word in the original means a bastard eagle.

sand five hundred suits of clothing, a quantity of ammunition, hundreds of thousands of rations, mules, oxen; three millions of rials, and fifty ex-maidens, with one hundred renegades.

" *El Lord* has appointed Don Carlos de España Governor of Madrid, who immediately issued a proclamation, that all persons who knew where any property belonging to the French, or to vile Spaniards, was deposited, should declare the same within the term of eight days. It is supposed *el Lord* will soon leave us, as it his intention to attack the French * in detail."

Such was the account of this happy event, published in Cadiz, which was shifted from hand to hand, and echoed from mouth to mouth, throughout all the city. Such was the scene which was shortly to be reacted by those very persons who were

* *Gabacho* is a cant term for a low Frenchman.

filled with joy at the contemplation of it in Madrid. Few were the moments that the liberation of the capital preceded their own, and it was a step by which their hearts mounted to the happiness that was preparing for them.

The rage and the impotence of the disappointed besiegers were exhibited in their farewell to Cadiz. Early on the day which preceded their departure, an attack was commenced along the whole line of batteries, which was continued with unminished violence the whole day. Every piece of ordnance of whatever description was employed upon all points of the defences; and the terror-striking mortars were incessantly vomiting forth the curses of France: they came—they fell, but their fall was unheeded; for, MADRID WAS FREE! At length, however, like the self-destroying scorpion, that, after having in vain darted its sting around, inflicts it on itself, the destructive re[illegible] France having impotently [illegible] rage,

turned the instruments of it one upon another: they rendered all their ordnance useless, by firing one cannon into the muzzle of another. (9) It was midnight when these destroying engines were thus made to destroy themselves, and, an hour after, all the magazines and forts along the line were blown up, one after the other. The fort of Santa Catalina, near Port Saint Mary's, was the last in situation, and survived its fellow forts for more than an hour. The extraordinary violence of the reports awakened and alarmed Ismena and her friends. The house in which they lived was in the *Calle de San Servando*, looking over the muralla, where it joins to the alameda, and immediately opposite Port Saint Mary's. It was just day-light, and they had all hastily dressed themselves, and assembled in the balcony in front of the house, at the moment that the mine was sprung which demolished in an instant the castle of Santa Catalina be-

fore them. This was the farewell salute of *the besiegers, and after it all was silent.*

The effect upon the minds of the astonished group of girls in the balcony cannot be described. Just aroused from sleep, unable to account for all they saw, it rather seemed like magic than reality. But their astonishment was indeed increased when they found the windows and balconies of the houses on either side of them crowded with their inhabitants, when they saw the whole length of the muralla and alameda, as far as the eye could reach, covered with more people than had ever crowded upon them on the greatest fête in the year. The joy which was occasioned amongst this crowd by the certainty of their deliverance was expressed in a thousand different ways. The man who found himself near a friend or a common acquaintance, threw his arms round his neck, and embraced him in the fulness of his heart; and he who was unacquainted with those

who surrounded him, promiscuously seized the hands of all, and endeavoured by the heartiness of the shake to express his feelings. Visits were made all round the town by every one to all their acquaintances; and from the bustle of the scene a stranger to the cause, if there could have been one in Cadiz, would have imagined it to be mid-day, rather than four hours after mid-night.

In a very few hours the boat-men upon the quay were bawling out the almost forgotten cry of "*El Puerto? Quien se embarca para el Puerto?* "Port St. Mary's? Who goes to Port St. Mary's?" The people, however, were not allowed to pass over the bay, until measures had been taken to clear the opposite coast of the rear guard, or the stragglers which might have been left by the besiegers in their retreat, or rather flight.

The Cortes only assembled for the purpose of ordering that a solemn TE DEUM should be sung, in thanksgiving for the

liberation of the city, throughout which nothing was thought of, or talked of, but joy, joy, joy! Many were the *jeux d'esprit* with which that day abounded; amongst others, the following appeared in the form of a common invitation to a funeral, given by the relations of a dead man to all his acquaintances. (10)

"RESQUIESCANT IN PACE.

"Buonaparte, son of Leticia; Pepe, son of the same mother; Soult, Satrap of Andalucia; Semellé, General of the coast; and the other relations, executors, and friends of the defunct SIEGE OF CADIZ, who died this day, request the favour of your presence to see the burning of the batteries, redoubts, magazines, &c. set fire to from the plains of Salamanca, by the celebrated English Chief Wellington, and the flames blown by the *valiant fugitives* of the *invincible* legions which are now *retiring in advance*. For which they will be grateful.

*Cadiz, August* 25, 1812.

"The deceased resided in Chiclana, Trocadero, Puerto-real, and Puerto de Santa Maria.

"To the public."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**The French driven from Seville—Felix taken Prisoner—His Preservation and Return to Seville—A Spanish Conversation—French Tax on Deaths—Meeting of Felix with Ismena.**

ALVAREZ, el Vengador, was not the last who was acquainted with the retreat of the French from before Cadiz. He watched their movements, and his heart beat high at the prospect of seeing the fertile plains of Andalusia delivered from the scourge with which they had been so long afflicted; which had converted the cheerful labour of the peasant into a task of misery, and embittered the fruitful produce of the soil. He anticipated the happiness he should derive whilst hovering

round the monsters in their flight, from cutting down the stragglers, and annihilating the ravaging parties that dared to separate themselves from the main body. Yet, did he not waste time in waiting for their approach; but having prepared his men, and given his orders to Sanchez, he went to Seville in his usual disguise, to examine himself the state of the enemy.

He found the French and the *Frenchified* inhabitants of Seville in great alarm and confusion. Soult had dispatched his orders to the General commanding the troops upon the coast, beginning with these words: "By order of the King, and for the purpose of assisting his Majesty, who is in the greatest danger, you will prepare every thing for the immediate march of the army:" and he had himself left Seville by the road of Cordova, with the greater part of the troops: there yet remained, however, a considerable body of French, who, in great consternation, were daily expecting the order to march. Felix

having ascertained thus much, hastened to join the expedition which had sailed from Cadiz, and disembarked at Huelba, and which had made some advance towards Seville, upon which place the besiegers of Cadiz were retiring, followed by a small force of Spaniards to watch their movements.

He was warmly received by the chiefs of that expedition, by whom his name and his services were known and estimated; and in consequence of the information he gave them, they pushed on quickly towards Seville. The attention of the French had been so taken up by the rapid succession of more important events, and by their own movements, that the little force that had disembarked at Huelba was scarcely thought of, and it was on the banks of the Guadalquivir before they were aware of its approach. The bridge across that river of Seville is of wood, and was hastily cut, and attempted to be fired by the bewildered French; but this operation was

performed with such fear and trembling, in the expectation of the instant approach of the enemy, that they succeeded only in making a broad breach before the advance guard of the British division, accompanied by a few Spaniards, appeared to interrupt them.

It was early in the morning, and but few of the inhabitants of Seville had risen from their beds; but the alarm was given, and all the world were soon roused. The French in great confusion began their retreat with all possible speed; (11) and two pieces of artillery, with a considerable force, were posted at the bridge, to keep the allies in check until they had time to effect their flight: but during the time it took to bring these cannon to the broken bridge, several of the inhabitants, heedless of the danger to which they exposed themselves, came running down with planks upon their shoulders to render it passable for their liberators. Scarcely had a single plank been placed, across the chasm, which was too

broad to leap, when Felix flew along the narrow and unsteady path which it presented. He was followed by a few, a very few; for by this time the two pieces of artillery were planted on the opposite side, and the destructive grape shot swept along the bridge, and seemed for a moment to render the patriotic exertions of the inhabitants useless, and the rash bravery of Alvarez, the sacrifice of his life. Alvarez was struck in the thigh by one of the shot, and fell but a few yards from the chasm which he had just passed. The wound was trifling; and a party of French rushed upon the bridge to complete what the shot had but begun; and then did Felix's arm do justice to the cause by which it was nerved: many came upon him, and many were the blows which he dealt around him. He sustained this unequal combat for some time, until a blow which was aimed at his head laid open his right cheek, and, exhausted, he felt that he could do no more. Yet even at this perilous moment the chivalrous feeling was alive in

his breast, and anxious to save the blade that had so well defended so just a cause, from being polluted by the hands of the monsters, in whose blood it had so often been dipped, he mustered his remaining force, and throwing his sword over the chasm which separated him from his friends, he gave himself up to the death which he believed awaited him.(12)

Yet did they spare his life. His dress, which was the uniform of his rank, and his brave conduct, induced them to believe him an officer of distinction, and they dragged him away in the dying state in which their blows had left him. During the scuffle more planks had been placed upon the bridge, and the British and Spanish soldiers now came over in sufficient numbers to drive the French from their post. They fled confusedly. Felix was laid across the carriage of one of the guns, and they carried him as fast as the horses could draw it, on the road which had been taken by their fugitive comrades. The victorious little

army rushed on to the gates of Seville, which they found closed, but soon forced, following at the point of their bayonets the rear of the French, whom they had driven from the bridge.

It is impossible to express the joy of the inhabitants at the sight of their deliverers. With the rear of the French army yet filing out of the town at one end of the street, the windows at the other end of the same street were crowded with people waving their handkerchiefs, and calling out with joy upon their liberators. Every house was open to receive the new and the long-absent friends, who found it difficult to disengage themselves from the repeated embraces of all who met them. All were anxious to be their hosts, and very many of the English and Spanish officers partook of the breakfasts which had been prepared for those of the French army.

But while all was victory and rejoicing in Seville, with Alvarez it was far otherwise. The French had fled under the

impression that it was by the army which had been set free by the raising of the siege of Cadiz that they were attacked; and so great was their panic, that they marched unceasingly for sixteen leagues, anticipating at every halt for rest the appearance of the enemy in their rear. During this dreadful march Felix remained on the carriage of the gun. A surgeon had bound up his wounds, but he had fainted from loss of blood, pain, and fatigue; and unable to support himself upon the inconvenient vehicle by which he was transported, they had tied him to it to keep him from falling off. In this deplorable situation he remained for a considerable length of time, until, from his continued fainting, the soldiers around him supposed him to be dead, and some of them proposed to render it certain, and leave his body by the road-side: however, the state in which he was being reported to the nearest general officer, he ordered that he should be left in the first house which they came to, and if he were alive, that his

parole should be taken not to serve again. Accordingly he was taken to a venta a few yards off the road, which had been deserted by its inhabitants upon the approach of the army, and stripped by the soldiers of all that it had contained. Though it was doubtful whether Felix were dead or alive, it was certain that he was not in a situation to speak, and he was therefore left, as it was thought to die, without any parole being required.

After many hours had elapsed, and all the frightened stragglers of the flying army had passed, the master of the venta and a number of peasants ventured to return to the deserted house. The first sight which they beheld was the body of the unhappy Felix; his face completely clotted with blood, and his clothes all covered with it. They nevertheless distinguished the Spanish uniform. Upon examining him they found that he was not dead, and they hastened to cleanse his face from the quantity of blood which had congealed upon it, and

prevented him from seeing, and almost from breathing. They then undressed him, and rebandaged his wounds; and having made a bed of straw in one corner, they wrapped him in their cloaks, and laid him on it. It was not long before he was sufficiently recovered to be able to take some sustenance which they offered him. To their repeated inquiries of "Who are you?" which their curiosity induced them to make without attention to his weakness, Alvarez at length was able to answer, "*El Vengador*"—an answer which most probably saved his life; for had he remained unknown, the poor, simple, and unthinking peasants would most likely have left him without other attendance than what the barber of the neighbouring village could afford, or other medicine than wine: but the moment they were informed that it was their good fortune to have rendered assistance to the famous *Vengador*, whose name alone had been enough to strike with terror the wandering foraging parties of the

French, and save the farms from being plundered, they hastened to communicate the intelligence to all such as they found in the village; and one of the peasants immediately set off with the news to Seville, telling all the world, as he went along, El Vengador is alive! El Vengador is safe!

But Felix was far from being safe. He was, as might be expected, in a violent fever and strong delirium, and perfectly unconscious of what was passing around him; and he must have died, had not the good peasant informed his friends of his situation: he met one of the guerillas, to whom he imparted the glad tidings that Felix lived, and described the spot where he was. The guerilla immediately informed Sanchez, who lost no time in rescuing his dear master. He had him immediately conveyed to Seville; and in so doing, only anticipated the result of the peasant's journey to that place: he was met on the road by a carriage sent by the Spanish General for the same purpose, as soon as he was made

acquainted with Felix's situation. In Seville he was billeted on one of the best houses in the town, the master of which was but too happy to receive him. Here the care and attention which was bestowed upon him was rewarded with complete success: his wounds were both flesh wounds; one by the grape-shot in the thigh, and the other was from a sabre which was intended to split open his skull, but falling a little on one side, it had taken off part of his ear, and laid open the whole of one cheek. There was little danger in either of these; but his life had run more risk from the loss of blood, fatigue, and horror of his situation after he had received them, than from the wounds themselves.

Felix, upon awakening from a sound sleep, into which he had been thrown by the effect of medicine, heard one morning the following conversation between two persons who attended him, an old woman who acted in the capacity of nurse, and a

young man, the servant of the master of the house.

"Vive Dios," said the young man, "it is a happy thing for all Spain, that the Señor Vengador is out of danger; many a French rascal that would have lived had he died, will die as he lives."

"Ah! hijo mio,"* replied the old woman, "it was the Holy Virgin that was present there with him and blunted the sword of his enemies. Had he been as holy a man as blessed St. Dominick, she would no doubt have condescended to have appeared visibly to him in the battle, even as she did to that holy Saint, to console him under the pain of his self-castigations when she gave him the Rosario;" (13) and the old woman dropped a bead of that which she held in her hand, inwardly muttering her *Ave Maria purissima, Madre de Dios.*

* My son—a social manner of addressing every one familiarly.

The young man crossed himself in accompaniment of her devotion, and continued the conversation.

"Well, since it pleased the Virgin to save his life in the battle, blessed be she or any other Saint that has preserved him since he has been with us. If he was to die I should have been much more sorry had he died in his bed than whilst he was reddening the river with the blood of his enemies, whom the Devil bless. Though it would not have cost him so much to die now since the French are gone, as it would have done when they were here, after that bando* that they stuck up in all the corners about three weeks ago: Caracoles! † it was cheaper living than dying then." (14)

"Ah" said the old woman, "many were

* Bando—a proclamation or edict.

† *Caracoles* literally means *snails*; but is often used as an expletive oath in the place of another very indelicate one which very nearly resembles it in sound.

the ways that the Devil put into the heads of our destroyers, to oppress us and destroy their own souls, and that amongst the rest."

"It appears to me," rejoined her companion, "that Satan having done his best to serve his own turn by us poor Christians during our lives, being a very miserly devil, was willing to turn even our deaths to account, by making them the instruments of sin in others; for certainly to rob and plunder as the French did us by their impositions and contributions, even to laying a tax upon dying, must be a sin that will keep their souls long enough in purgatory."

"Without doubt," returned the woman; "yet 'tis very strange that monsters as they were, so many of our Seville girls were always running after them. I warrant you they did not keep company with our muchachas for nothing; we shall have the little boys and girls talking nothing but French in another year or two."

"Ah, mother," said the young man, "if

every one talked the language of his father, who knows whether you would have the ceceo on *your* tongue." (15)

"Why, as for that," replied the old woman, angrily, "if such were the case, all the world knows that *you* would talk nothing but Portuguese, Señor tuno; * for when I lived in the family of the Conde de Ritamosa, and your mother used to come to the quinta to wash, Joachim the servant that the Conde brought from Lisbon with him used not to make her presents of new mantillas without getting the worth of his money; I can tell you that, Chico."

The young man found he had touched upon a wrong string; and seeing that the old woman was likely to make him acquainted with many incidents of his mother's history, he interrupted her as she was rapidly proceeding.

"Silence, silence, mother—good fruit never grew on a bad tree; but laying that

* *Tuno* signifies a cunning scoundrel.

aside, have you seen the Señora or Señorita, for I don't know whether she is married or unmarried, that arrived here yesterday.

"No, I have not: they say she is beautiful as an angel."

"Only one step short of it," replied the young man; "for I hear she is a Gaditana; and you know that for beauty you must go from Seville to Cadiz, and from Cadiz to Heaven.* I saw her come in, and I talked to the calesero that drove her: Chico, says I, will you have a segar? *Dicho y hecho*—said and done; and we smoked one out together. *Por vida de Santo Domingo*,† said he—"

"What, was the calesero's name Domingo?" said the old woman, interrupting him; "he was my namesake."

* *De Sevilla á Cadiz y de Cadiz al Cielo*, is a common phrase amongst the Andalusians to express the superiority of Cadiz over every other place.

† By the life of Saint Dominick. It has already been observed that the Spaniards frequently swear by the lives of their patron Saints.

"Domingo, or Devil," continued the man, "I forget which—either will make him your namesake."

The old woman's rage, which was about to burst forth, was curbed by her curiosity to hear of the newly arrived lady; and she allowed him to go on, contenting herself with bestowing a couple of energetic epithets upon him, without interrupting the course of his history.

"*Por vida del Diablo*, but this Señora has taken it out of my poor beast; says he, all the way from Xeres this blessed morning, without stopping an hour together on the road; and to-day too, of all days in the year, when by permission from heaven not even the flies need move a wing; yet we poor caleseros must work on all days: (16) yesterday you know, madre, was the Corpus Christi." "But where was the hurry, Chico?" says I; "go and ask the Señora, says he, who to be sure has paid me well, and so I ought to say nothing about it." "Who is she? says I."

"Ah! who is she?" echoed the old woman.

"All he knew," replied the young man, "was, that she had come from Puerto de Santa Maria, in a caleza, to Xeres, where he took her up; and the calesero that brought her to Xeres told him that she had come from Cadiz, and that her name was Doña Ismena Valdez."

"Doña Ismena Valdez!" exclaimed Felix, starting up in his bed; "where is she?"

"Holy Virgin of light and of grace!—holy Saint Dominick! San Jacinto! San Francisco!" and a dozen more names of Saints rapidly ejaculated the nervous nurse as she mechanically dropped some beads of her rosario. "Oh! Señor, how you have frightened me; I thought you were fast asleep."

"Where is the lady of whom you were talking?" repeated Alvarez.

"Indeed, Señor, we would not have talked so loud, if we thought it would

have woke you. I have been saying a rosario for your restoration to health all the while you were asleep, and I see the blessed Virgin has heard my prayers, for I havn't seen your eyes look so bright since the day you first came here—nor that one cheek which is left us to look at, Lord grant the other may soon be uncovered, ever looking—"

"I thank you, my good woman," hastily interrupted Alvarez; "but pray tell me where is the lady of whom you were just speaking?"

"The lady, Señor?—She came from Xeres in a calesa, in great haste, without stopping at all on the road, as the calesero himself told Juan here. His name was Domingo, Señor—a namesake of mine.

"*Diablo!*" drily muttered Juan.

Felix, now impatient, broke out into violence, and demanded to know where Ismena was. "I want not to know how she came here, but where she is at this moment."

"In this house, Señor," said Juan; "and I will go and inform her and my master that you are awake."

Juan gone out of the room, Felix imposed silence upon the old nurse, and gave himself up to his own thoughts. Ismena was at Seville—was in that very house: perhaps she came in search of him; perhaps she had heard of his exploits in the cause of his country, and of his wound and miraculous escape; perhaps she preserved the same affectionate regard for him which she had ever demonstrated.

These reflexions, which were rapidly passing in his mind, were interrupted by the entrance of the master of the house. Don Diego del Espinar was a true patriot in his heart, and had considered himself fortunate that his house had been chosen as the quarters of Felix, whose public character he highly reverenced. He had consequently paid every attention to his comfort, and felt an anxious interest in his restoration to health.

" I rejoice to hear, Don Felix," said he, as he now entered, " that you find yourself better; I have news to give you of one of your friends."

" Is it not Doña Ismena Valdez whom you mean?" said Felix.

" The same," rejoined his friend.

" Then, I beseech you to beg her to see me immediately; I feel myself considerably better, and if she pleases I will get up to receive her."

" No, no," said Don Diego; " you must not yet hazard your recovery by trusting too much to your improvement; I will bring her to pay you a visit here."

It was not long before Don Diego brought Ismena to Alvarez, according to his promise. On seeing her, Felix felt how deep an impression she had made upon his heart. He was much agitated, and could not find words to express his feelings. He was silent; but his manner conveyed all the meaning that his words would have fallen short of.

Ismena was more agitated than Felix: her affection for him had been for a long time the favourite feeling of her mind; she had nourished it above all others; it had been the subject of her secret contemplation—the goal of her earthly hope: it was the flower that flourished in her heart, that had found warmth in the smiles of her happy hours, and been watered by her tears in moments of her melancholy reveries. The moment had arrived which she had long looked forward to for the decision of her fate, when, after a long and eventful absence, she might at once discover whether she held the place she coveted in his heart, or only a secondary one, or had been by time entirely excluded from it. At last she met him, and with a glance she gathered enough from his agitated and affectionate manner, to establish her hopes upon a surer foundation even than that upon which her imagination had fondly placed it.

In the emotion and agitation created in both their breasts by this meeting, their

hearts unconsciously overflowed: all the barriers which might have withheld them from a mutual discovery of their sentiments were overleaped; and with the unrestrained course of feeling, they gave full vent to the expression of their mutual affection. Having indulged in the language of love, Felix told Ismena all that he had felt since they parted—all that he had suffered; related to her the progress of his brave band, and many of the principal incidents which had been the steps by which he had mounted to the height of fame where he now stood. Ismena, in her turn, told him all that had happened to her since he left Cadiz, without disguising the feelings towards him which had been the treasure of her heart and the spring of her conduct.

Whilst joining in all the rejoicings and festivities with which the raising of the siege of Cadiz was celebrated in that city, she had accidentally been present at a tertulia, where Captain Blackwell was relating his extraordinary deliverance from the hands

of his enemies, by the humanity and undaunted courage of El Vengador, the famous Felix Alvarez. Her cheek glowed at the name, and her heart beat high with delight at the praise which was unsparingly bestowed upon him for this action. Not many days after this the news of the triumphant entry into Seville reached Cadiz: the conduct of El Vengador was a prominent feature in the account of that event; and his falling into the hands of the enemy, which was considered as certain, was spoken of in terms of the deepest sorrow. But the sorrow of the world upon receiving this intelligence, when compared to the feelings with which it afflicted the heart of Ismena, was as the passing thunder-cloud of summer to the effects of the hurricane of the torrid zone on the ocean. The following day, however, brought a dispatch from Seville, which related the preservation of Felix, and drew her from the depth of misery to a state of comparative happiness.

Upon the arrival of this cheering news,

she in a moment decided what course to pursue: she was responsible to no one on earth for her actions; and impelled only by the unresisted feeling of strong love, she determined to repair to Seville, and at least to see Felix. Upon this meeting she placed the die of her future destiny: if it turned in her favour—if he loved her, she was but too happy in devoting her life to him. Heedless of the advice and entreaties of her kind friends, the Nuñezes, she replied to their importunities with a decisive *me da la gana;** and stepping into a Port St. Mary's passage boat, she bid adieu to Cadiz. From Port St. Mary's she travelled with the utmost speed to Seville, and found no difficulty in ascertaining the house where Alvarez was quartered. Upon entering the house of Don Diego del Espinar, she found to her great joy that she had an intimate friend in his daughter, who was

* An untranslatable phrase; being a very strong manner of saying "*I will.*"

married to a naval officer, and had resided in the Isla de Leon during the siege of Cadiz, since the raising of which she had become an inmate of her father's house. At the Isla de Leon, Ismena had been constantly in her society, and now threw herself upon her hospitality.' Doña Micaela del Espinar y Cortes (17) received her with the warmth of friendship, and Ismena joyfully took up her abode in the same house with Felix Alvarez.

## CHAP. XXIV.

Reception of El Vengador in the Theatre—A Marriage by Proxy—Jealousy in Spain—An Example of a jealous Spaniard—Singular Discovery of a Providential Interference.

THE strong constitution which Alvarez was endowed with by nature, was considerably assisted by the happy frame of mind which his meeting with Ismena, and the consequent avowal of his sentiments towards her, had given him. She nursed him with the fondest attention; and there was more healing power in the hand which administered his medicines, than in the medicines themselves. He daily saw Ismena, conversed with her hourly, and he felt how rapidly he improved in bodily

health from the mental balm which these conversations afforded him.

" Yet my dearest Ismena," said Felix to her one day during a conversation, of which their union was the subject. " Yet I cannot make up my mind to allow your tender frame to be a sharer in the dangers, the difficulties, the inconveniences, that must attend my life. Remember I am not free to leave the course I have begun; I am first bound by a solemn oath never to give up the search for my unfortunate sister, or the prosecution of her revenge while a single Frenchman remains in Spain. This voluntary devotion of my life is become an indispensable duty from the calls upon me, which the fortunate commencement of my career has drawn from our groaning country. Would you have it said, that Alvarez el Vengador had forsaken his country, and his just revenge, for the gratification of his individual happiness?—No,

Ismena. Think then what you will have to go through."

"I shall have to go through no more, my dear Felix," said Ismena, "than what hundreds of women suffer, in many instances, for unsanctioned attachment. How many women are there in the field of glory at this moment, sharing the courage as well as the dangers of their lovers, without calculating the better, if not the greater number, who cast off the feebleness of their sex, when armed with the double shield of duty and affection; I may not prove either a Saguntina of ancient, or an Agustina* of modern times, but I can be the support, the comfort, the consolation of my husband."

Felix attempted not to combat a resolution which afforded him such delightful sensations. To neither of them was it necessary to wait for the consent of a parent, or to ask the advice of a friend.

* The heroine of Zaragosa is named Agustina.

Ismena waited but for Felix's restoration to health, to bestow her hand on him, who had long been in possession of her heart; and the prospect of possessing it operated like a talisman in invigorating the enfeebled powers of Alvarez, while it seemed to lengthen the hours of his confinement. It was not many days before he was able to walk tolerably well, the wound in his thigh being almost healed, while that in his cheek was more tedious in its progress.

But as Alvarez could now walk, and as the pain of his cheek was considerably diminished, he occasionally joined the society of the master of the house, and his friends. The tertulia at the house of Don Diego del Espinar was one of the most frequented of the city; and indeed all Seville was at this moment in a state of as much gaiety as the circumstances of the time would permit, considering that the wealth of the citizens had been for nearly three years a prey to the rapacious armies

of France, and that the flower of their families, the beauty of Seville, had become voluntary exiles with the tyrants who destroyed them. (18) The magistrates, the principal inhabitants of the town, the principal officers of the army, all came to testify their respect and gratitude to el Vengador, as soon as it was known that he had risen from his bed, and the daily inquiries made of his progress to health exceeded all number. Being considerably re-established, he at last consented to accompany the kind family of the Espinars to the theatre.

It was very late when the party which he accompanied entered the box of Don Diego, and the comedy was considerably advanced. Felix's face was obliged to be bandaged so as quite to hide one half of it, a distinguishing mark which was sufficient with his uniform to announce him at once to the audience as el Vengador. El Vengador, el Vengador, was at first audibly whispered about, until in a very short time

it grew into a general tumult of applause and cries of *Viva el Vengador! Viva el Vengador!* Felix demonstrated by his manner, how much he was delighed by the enthusiastic feeling which he had excited; he waved his hand, and bowed continually to the people who still continued their *vivas*, and applauses, until the tumult was quieted by a general call to the orchestra, for España de la Guerra, the patriotic song so exciting to the bosom of every Spaniard. The call was immediately complied with, and sung by some of the performers, who appeared for that purpose on the stage, and the chorus was heartily joined in by every voice in the theatre, and was rendered still more impressive by a universal and single shout of *viva*, which was given by the whole audience in a particular pause of the music, as if by preconcerted design; and it was done without at all destroying the harmony of the music, for the shout only took up the time of the pause without interfering in the progress of

the air. The thrilling effect of this can only be imagined by one who has been fortunate enough to hear it. It went to Felix's very heart, and completely overpowered him. After some time, silence was restored, and the play proceeded.

But Alvarez could not attend to the performance on the stage; he could not prevent his mind from comparing the situation in which he stood now, with that in which, for the only time in his life before, he had entered the theatre of Seville. The two situations were most deeply contrasted. He had entered it then in the garb of a peasant, trembling at every look which was cast upon him, and while he was considered as a traitor by all those who knew any thing of him; he was there now decorated with a distinguished uniform, attracting all eyes, and proud of the attraction, and called by the whole world the avenger of the injuries of his country. He was about to place the contrast in a still stronger light, when the sound of the

castagnets anticipated the workings of his brain, and presented to his memory the degraded form of the once-loved Rosa, and his emancipation from her chains, while turning round to Ismena, who was beside him, he felt the blessing of that emancipation in its fullest force. Yet could he not prevent himself from shuddering as the curtain drew up for the performance of the national dance; and as the bolerista made her appearance, he almost expected to see the form that had once struck him with such horror in the same situation. But Rosa's day was over, she had chosen to share the hardships as well as the luxuries of her paramours, rather than run the risk of being neglected by the patriots, who replaced them at Seville.

After the bolero, was acted a little patriotic piece, which had been written upon the circumstances of the moment, and hastily got up, and which was consequently very popular. Many were the allusions which were made to apply to

Alvarez, and taken notice of accordingly by the enthusiastic audience. A *saynete*, or afterpiece followed, which not being patriotic was allowed to be performed without any interruption. Felix had time during this piece to look round the house to see if any of his acquaintance were among the audience. His eyes rested on the features of a remarkably handsome woman, who seemed to look at him with particular attention. He was not long in recognizing her to be Doña Maria Valbeña, who used to be one of his *intimate* acquaintances at Cadiz, that is to say, he was admitted upon the list of her lovers, and took his turn of favour with some dozens of others.

"Do you know that lady?" said he, to Don Diego.

"She has only arrived at Seville since its emancipation," replied he, "and has already a whole string of cortejos: her situation and story is singular: she is known by the name of *La Viuda Don-*

*cella,** because she has never seen her husband, at least since he became such. She was betrothed to him when young, and he went away to the New World, where, having amassed a fortune, he sent over a power to his brother to marry her in his name, saying that he was about to return. The marriage was accordingly performed, and she became his wife. The poor fellow, however, died on the voyage home, and she comes in for the whole of his fortune, together with his name, to which the world have added the appellation of La Viuda Doncella, and by no other is she commonly known."

"This is, indeed," said Felix, "a strong instance of the danger of marriages by proxy, which are so common. At Cadiz I was very well acquainted with her; but I have so very often found that the memory of a great many of my country women is a sheet of white paper, on

* The maiden widow.

which they write down with pencil only the names of every fop that will flatter them, while pleasure supplies Indian rubber, with which she almost hourly effaces one to make room for another, that I think it more than probable that my name has been erased from her tablet long since."

"You need not fear that," replied Don Diego; "her vanity will make her retain it there, for it is not every body who becomes a Vengador. Such an appellation is worth preserving."

The truth of Don Diego's speech was confirmed as he spoke it, by the significant fan of the beautiful widow, which said in its intelligent language—"*Come round to me.*" Felix perfectly understood this language, and perhaps might have obeyed the summons, but he was restrained by his knowledge of the Spanish female character. In a Spanish woman, jealousy is one of the principal indications of love. No confidence will prevent it; no pride

will hide it. When she feels a deep interest, every word, every look of the object of her affection in the presence of another woman is weighed and examined. It is long since jealousy has ceased to be considered as characteristic of Spanish men, but the passion exists in its full force, monopolised by the women. There are indeed some violent lovers who are violently jealous, and some new married husbands who are bearishly so; but the feeling is generally worn away, and even those husbands who, during the honey-moon, would knock a man down for looking at their wives, will most probably at the end of no very considerable time connive at her intrigues, and sometimes even assist them.

Alvarez fearing to awaken this sentiment in the breast of Ismena, appeared not to notice the invitation he had received, but turning to another box, he again applied for information to Don Diego.

"Who is that very pretty girl with

large black eyes, in the box with those English officers?"

"That," said Don Diego, "is the Señorita Ana Lopez. The whole of our party are to sup at the house of her mother after the play, and I have ventured to promise that you should go with us; the old lady is anxious to have the honour of seeing you at her table. I hope I have not promised too much."

Had Alvarez gone round the whole of the female part of the audience, he could not have pitched upon any individual whose situation was more calculated to prove the reverse of what has just been stated, that Spanish men are not jealous, if a single instance might be considered as proving a national character: but the more rational inference seems to be, that when jealousy does enter the mind of a Spaniard, it occupies the whole of it, it admits of no sharer in the soul. Ana Lopez was the victim of jealousy. Of a noble family, her father, who had attained

the rank of captain of a line of battle ship, died when she was an infant, and left his widow, and only orphan, in moderate, but not affluent circumstances. At that early age, her mother, anxious for the well-being of her daughter in the world, followed a custom too general in Spain, and contracted the little Ana in marriage with her first cousin, then a young man, a gay and profligate one, already advanced in the navy with good interest, and consequent prospect of promotion, and with a handsome independent fortune. The mother was happy, for she had provided for her child; the affianced husband was happy, for he had the prospect of a number of years to run his course of pleasures, and the certainty of a young wife at the end, when he should feel inclined to leave it; and the child was happy, for she was ignorant of the decision of her fate. As she grew up, the idea was the first that was implanted in her mind, and she talked of her cousin as her

husband, without knowing or thinking of what she said; she hardly ever saw him, as he was continually absent in the exercise of his profession. An amiable disposition, extraordinary natural talents, great liveliness and vivacity of manner, and a more than common share of beauty, began to develope themselves in the mind and person of the lovely Ana, as she increased in years, and by the time that twelve had passed over her head, an age at which girls are more advanced towards womanhood, in the fostering climate of Andalusia, than they are at seventeen in the colder one of England, the budding promise of her earlier years had almost matured into the lovely flower which her fond mother had anticipated.

It was at this period that the locusts of France came in clouds to blight the beauty of Spain, and their extended myriads approached the borders of Andalusia. The anxious mother, leaving her house in Seville to the care of a friend,

hastened to remove her greater treasure from the danger which threatened; and as her nephew commanded the gun-boats upon the station of Tarifa, she took refuge there, where at least for some time she was likely to enjoy his protection and society. Fernando Campalto, the betrothed husband of Ana, was now past thirty years old, and the preceding ten years of his life had effected the change, which is generally effected sooner or later in the character and appearance of a rake, and in a warm climate sooner than in a cold one. His liveliness had given way to moroseness and ill-temper, his health to debility, and the freshness and proportion of his person to furrowed sallowness and an uncomely increase of bulk. What a husband for Ana Lopez! for her whose heart had been prepared by nature to be the very throne of love, whose mind was formed to mingle enthusiasm and romance with the affection of her heart, and who, had she been for-

tunate enough to live in a country where the blessings of education are bestowed with a more liberal hand to mature the gifts of nature in the female mind, might have conferred honour upon her country, might have become the glory of one sex, and the idol of the other.

Before her arrival at Tarifa, Ana had not seen her cousin for some years: those years had made the difference in her of childhood and youth; in him, that of strength and debility, gaiety and fretfulness, foppishness and worse than slovenliness and neglect. She was indeed shocked when she saw him; by the original contract she was to be married to him on the day on which she completed her sixteenth year. She had never before looked forward to that time at all, she now anticipated it with dismay. There were yet more than three years of liberty for her, and she made her determination that nothing should induce her to shorten that period, which determination she re-

solutely avowed to her mother, who had conceived a desire, from the troubles and dangers of the times, of placing her sooner under the protection of her husband. During the residence of the Señora de Lopez at Tarifa, Fernando resided constantly in her house, and rendered every moment of the life of Ana more and more miserable. He had conceived for her as strong a passion as he was capable of feeling; but it had its spring entirely in selfishness and vanity. He loved her for himself alone, and was vain of possessing so beautiful a woman, and one so universally admired. He left her not for one moment, constantly sat close to her, and never allowed her to address her conversation to another man without fretful and rude interruptions; and being sure of his prey, he did not even pay her the common respect of making himself decently clean when he came into her presence. Such conduct converted the disgust which she had first felt, and which had much afflict-

ed her, into a fixed hatred which she could not conceal: it was her nature to feel strongly, and she did not attempt to disguise her sentiments towards her cousin. Her mother reproached her with this, and peremptorily enjoined her to behave to him with affection; but every effort on her part was unavailing, and all her time was passed between the horror of suffering his presence and his importunities, and the reproof of her mother, which was the sharper, as it was impelled by her own strong feeling of disappointment. This state of things was only changed for another, which was if possible worse. Fernando changed his tone from a haughty kind of supplicating affection to the language of authorized tyranny, which the unhappy Ana was forced to suffer, for it was countenanced by her mother. He prevented her from going into any society, and she was kept in a worse seclusion than she would have been in the most rigid convent.

This dreadful situation was now suspended by the threatened siege of Tarifa; the Señora de Lopez with her daughter took refuge within the walls of Cadiz; and as Fernando was actively employed with the gun-boats which he commanded, he could no longer be with her. Established in Cadiz, her natural good temper began to rise above the gloomy disposition which had kept it down, and she no longer prevented Ana from going in some degree into the world, from seeing and being seen. Ana, whose mind was too full of youth, and health, and vigour, to be easily depressed, with the usual buoyancy of Spanish spirits, seemed to forget her misfortunes, and became the delight, the attraction, the centre of every circle into which she was admitted.

In the society of the families who, having fled from Seville were residing in Cadiz, they immediately mixed, being those whom they had known from infancy; and at their different tertulias,

Ana met with several English officers, almost all of whom paid her particular attention; but there was one whose attentions she received with more pleasure than those of the others. In her situation, common attention would have been enough to have excited uncommon regard, to have burst open the flood-gates of her overflowing heart, and have turned the current of her feelings into a new channel. Her heart was formed for affection, and could not endure the load of hate which oppressed it. It longed to love; and a marked look, or an affectionate word, would have been sufficient to excite that sentiment in her breast. Mr. Darlington, by paying her that homage which her superior beauty, vivacity, and wit, entitled her to, unconsciously created a deep interest in her mind. Unfortunately for her, he possessed a fluency in the Spanish language, and an acquaintance and conformity with Spanish manners, which rendered the expression of his feelings and

ideas easy and natural, and made every thing he said find its way to her heart, without forcing her to the exertion of assisting the translation of a foreign language, and reconciling the prejudices of foreign manners, which else might have been a material barrier to the birth of such a feeling in her mind. Mr. Darlington soon discovered that he had found a lover, where he had only intended to make a friend; and, unacquainted with her history or engagements, he was impelled by that portion of the feeling of endearment which insensibly communicates itself from a heart that loves to a heart that is loved, to continue those attentions through pleasure, which he had originally rendered through politeness. He was frequently with Ana; and as peculiar homage in Spanish society is neither uncommon nor condemned, she was always his partner in the dance, and his seat in the tertulia was always next to hers.

The Señora de Lopez did not remark this

without apprehension, and cautioned her daughter upon the subject; but Ana, who could not respect her mother's orders in regard to Fernando, had not acquired the habit of considering them as law, and she scrupled not to neglect them in this instance: the good-natured mother was of an easy character; and when she was not governed by her nephew, she was led by her daughter. But as the evil increased, she conceived it right to let Fernando know what was going on, and she wrote to him accordingly.

One evening the tertulia was particularly well attended, Ana was as usual lively and happy, and Darlington doubly agreeable. They had been dancing, an amusement which Fernando had peremptorily forbidden Ana, except with himself, which in fact amounted to a prohibition, for he had given up dancing, and if he had not, she would not have danced with him. A game of forfeits had taken place of the dancing; the whole party were sitting in a circle, and Darlington by the side of Ana.

In the midst of their amusement, the door opened, and Fernando made his appearance. Without saying more than the common civilities to the mistress of the house, he placed a chair immediately behind Ana, excusing himself from joining the circle, while the unfortunate girl, with a look of mute astonishment and consternation, uttered not one single word, expressive of either the one or the other. The game went on, in which Ana no longer joined; her tormentor was behind her, pouring the spirit of his tyrannical and jealous rage into her ear, in a low whisper unheard by any but herself: she hardly seemed to hear him; but, with a fixed and vacant look, kept a perfect silence. He repeatedly asked her for answers to what he said; she gave none, but remained apparently in the state of torpor, into which his sudden appearance had thrown her. This conduct in her increased the brutal violence of his passion; he could hardly prevent himself from bursting forth before the whole company. Still muttering in her ear, he

mixed threats with curses, until at last he pronounced one short sentence, which like the last trumpet awoke her from her death-like trance. "Do you know," said he, "that your silence has sealed the death-warrant of your English lover? He dies to-night!" Nature could bear no more, she gave a violent scream, and fell down in strong convulsions.

In the commotion which ensued, Fernando, brutally indifferent to her situation, left the room, while the rest of the company crowded round the unhappy victim of his jealousy. Her mother, to prevent the curiosity to which the circumstance gave rise, declared that she was subject to such fits. She remained in that state for several hours, during which it required the strength of five or six persons to hold her on the sofa where she had been laid; and when she recovered her senses, she was so weak as to be unable either to speak or to move a single limb. Darlington had suffered much from this dreadful fit, which he, like the rest of

the company, supposed to be an habitual malady. He remained with her until she was perfectly recovered from it, and then assisted in taking her home. It was daylight before he returned to his own quarters.

Time passed, Ana recovered her strength, but recovered it only to find herself in a more dreadful state of subjection to the tyranny of her cousin, with the additional misery of knowing that there existed a being whom she could love. Darlington shortly after returned to England upon leave of absence, and the wretched Ana became again confined to the society of her mother, and her evil spirit, as her cousin might be called. But Fernando could not be without intermission in the society of his victim: he had his duty to attend to, to which, however, he gave as little of his attention as he possibly could. These intervals may be said to be the only part of her existence in which Ana really lived; the moments of his presence

were a constant death without the happiness of its change—a continual and lingering martyrdom. The siege of Cadiz was raised, and the French driven from Seville. La Señora de Lopez lost no time in returning to her own house. It was impossible for Fernando to accompany her; but he promised to follow her as soon as possible. The exhilarating circumstances of general interest which had so lately taken place had opened the old lady's heart, and she was determined to make the period until his arrival a season of merriment. Besides, Ana was now near sixteen years old, at which age she was to be married; and as she could not deceive herself into an idea that her daughter could be happy after that period, she was willing to give her a little enjoyment while she could; or, as she reasoned with herself, "*Pobre muchacha!* —Poor girl, when she is married she will be out of my authority, and I shall have no power to make her happy; therefore I will do it while I can." But she never

thought of preventing the marriage which was to take away that power from her! (19)

The time for the assembling of the most fashionable tertulias is generally after the play is finished. When, therefore, they left the theatre, Don Diego, his daughter, Ismena, and Alvarez, repaired to the house of Doña Mercedes de Lopez. Felix, who had heard the history of her unfortunate daughter from Don Diego, could not forbear rejoicing that Fernando Campalto was not present, as he felt that it would have been difficult for him to restrain himself from an impertinent expression of the horror he felt at his conduct. There was an air of melancholy thrown over the features of the amiable girl, of whose happiness he was doomed to be the bane, which heightened the effect of her beauty, and attracted the hearts of all at first sight.

As the state of Felix's wound improved, he ceased to confine himself to the house, and during his walks he was not unfre-

quently stopped by admiring persons who were anxious to boast of having seen or spoken to el Vengador. It was with real satisfaction that he one morning met Captain Blackwell upon the Alameda, the officer whom he had rescued from prison at Vejer de la Frontera: the delight with which they accosted each other was mutual, and Blackwell was but too happy to have an opportunity of again expressing his gratitude to his preserver. While they were in conversation, Don Diego, upon whose arm Felix was leaning, attracted his attention by saying—

"Do you remember, Don Felix, the beautiful Ana Lopez and her jealous lover? This man who is approaching us is Fernando Campalto; I will stop and speak to him, that you may observe him."

Don Diego spoke a few words to him, and they passed on.

Before Alvarez had time to give his opinion upon the lover of Ana Lopez, Captain Blackwell exclaimed with a look of sur-

prise, "Tell me, I beseech you, who is that man?"

"A captain in the navy," replied Don Diego, "named Don Fernando Campalto, a gentleman of an old Seville family. By your manner you seem to know something extraordinary about him."

"Something extraordinary, indeed," replied Captain Blackwell; "I will tell you, and you shall judge for yourselves. It is not three months since it happened that I was captain of an English guard on the Muralla, at Cadiz; and during the idle hours of a day upon guard, I was sauntering alone up and down the Alameda: I observed that very man sitting upon one of the benches smoaking a segar, and looking at me with very particular attention. At first I thought that he was attracted by my foreign uniform; but after some time I was persuaded, by his manner, that it must be something more than my dress that he was considering. Having nothing better to do, I amused myself by walking up and down

before him, that he might satisfy his curiosity to his heart's content. Presently, however, he got up very abruptly, and entered the Carmen church, which was directly opposite. I considered him, from the singularity of his manner, as a man of deranged intellects, and thought no more of him. However, after continuing my promenade for at least an hour, he came again out of the church, and without any indications of derangement or singularity, he sat down in his former situation on the bench.

"As he continued to look occasionally at me rather in a pointed manner, I became curious to know the reason of his conduct; and sitting down on the bench very near him, I politely asked him if he thought he had ever seen me before, that I might have the pleasure of recollecting him. 'It is impossible that you should recollect me, sir, though I remember you perfectly.' I begged to know where he had seen me: 'It matters little where I have seen you,' he replied; 'I have this moment been

paying, in that church, for the saying of ten masses for the salvation of your soul.' You may guess my astonishment, and I thought at first that I had not perfectly understood him; but having recalled the words to my mind, and being convinced that I had taken their right meaning, I told him that I was infinitely obliged to him for the interest he took in my eternal welfare; and I begged to know to whom I was so indebted. This he refused to tell me; and he endeavoured to evade my curiosity by futile answers to my questions: at length he was urged by my repeated interrogations. 'Señor,' said he, 'it pleased heaven not long ago to interpose between the point of my sword and your heart, which but for such interference would most certainly have met: the sight of you this morning has recalled the remembrance of the action which I was so near committing, and I have been to wipe away the sin by confession and the penance which I have just told you: now ask no more.'

He was about to go, but I detained him, and endeavoured to explain to him that, after what he had told me, I had a right to know why he had attempted my life, and how it had been saved. It was with difficulty that I obtained from him any further information: at length, however, I discovered, from what he said, that he had an enemy, who was an officer in the British army, for whom he had accidentally in the street at night-time mistaken me, from the similarity of uniform, and that his arm was actually raised to strike the blow which was to deprive me of life, when a providential light from some lamp was cast upon my face, and discovered to him his mistake. He was enabled to effect his retreat without my having been sensible of my danger. Having acquainted me with thus much, he broke from me, and I have never since seen him until to-day, but his features are so strongly impressed upon my mind that I cannot be mistaken in them."

In some manner to account for this

anecdote, Felix and Don Diego informed Captain Blackwell of his engagement with Ana Lopez, and of the tyrannical jealousy with which he watched her; and as she was acquainted with many English officers, they had no doubt that the person he meant to destroy was some rival whom he fancied she favoured.

The fact was, that Fernando narrowly missed becoming the murderer of Captain Blackwell, on the night of his arrival at Cadiz from Tarifa, when his violence had had such an effect on the unfortunate Ana. He mistook him for Darlington, for whom he had been lying in wait; but the interference of Providence to prevent his embruing his hands in the blood of an innocent person had caused him to reflect on the deed which he had intended to commit. In reflecting he became more calm; and the heat of his passion a little appeased, he determined to lay aside his intention altogether.

* See Note 19.

## CHAP. XXV.

Alvarez married—German, English, and Spanish Soldiers—French Cruelty—Reconnoitering—Deserted Towns—Extraordinary Instance of Depravity.

THE anticipation of the happiness which awaited him upon his restoration to health, and the anxiety which he felt to be again actively employed, were feelings which so strongly assisted the efforts of nature in the recovery of Alvarez, that in a very short time the bandages were no longer necessary to his cheek; they were discarded for a black patch, which, in its turn was given up, and he now appeared every where without any other indication of his wounds than a large scar which remained upon his face, an eternal memorial of the emancipation of Seville.

The moment at length arrived when he was to receive the hand of Ismena. The marriage was performed as privately as possible, and none were witnesses of their happiness but the kind friends who had treated them with such hospitality. Ismena became the wife of Alvarez, and in so doing she resolved to allow no danger, no difficulty, to deter her from partaking of the fate of her husband, whatever it might be. Felix had not deceived her; he had painted the hardships which she would have to encounter in the strongest colours, but she was prepared for all. She had provided herself with a kind of riding dress, which, without being distinctly either male or female, partook of the character of both, while its appearance was not extraordinary in Spain, where all ladies ride in the same manner as the men do, with large loose trowsers, and where it had become so much the fashion for women to adopt the military appearance, in honour of the dress of their husbands. Thus accoutred, and with her wardrobe compressed

into the smallest possible compass, she waited only the word of command to place herself with her husband at the head of Los Patriotas de la Sierra Morena.

Alvarez was no longer his own commander in chief. His band had been increased by a number of recruits and volunteers, and had been regularly officered, so that it had lost both its irregular character, and its general name of a *Partido de Guerillas*, and was now really what it had long been nominally, the regiment of Los Patriotas de la Sierra Morena, commanded by Don Felix Alvarez, who nevertheless continued to be talked of universally by no other name than El Vengador. The regiment left Seville at the same time with the British division under the command of Colonel Skerrett, and their intention was to join the corps of General Hill, which was in the neighbourhood of Madrid.

It was a lovely morning in October when Alvarez and Ismena left Seville, where they had been detained by their re-

gretting friends some time after the march of the troops. They cantered forward, however, and overtook them at their first halt for rest, as the word to march was given, and they continued their route by the side of a detachment of German cavalry in the English service, which was in the advance. The German soldiers have a delightful manner of shortening the tedium of their march; they are all musicians by nature and by habit, and they frequently sing their national and legendary songs in the most perfect harmony as they go along. The effect is delightful. This detachment commenced one of their harmonized airs, which seemed like romance to the enchanted ear of the inexperienced Ismena, who never expected to find a body of scientific singers in a band of fierce mustachioed dragoons. (20)

"Linska's war-horse wildly starting,
Flying fast as meteors darting,
Lightning from his bright hoof parting,
Bears the chief away.

"Danube's stream his course suspending,
Dark as thunder-cloud impending,
Roaring loud as when 'tis rending—
Now his speed must stay.

"Battle's voice of Death is over,
Linska's bride attends her lover,
From the shore no power can move her
Of Danube deep and low.
"Roar of murder gradual ceases,
Deadlier silence now she traces,
Many a tear the flood increases—
Linska where art thou?

"Bridge nor ford assistance lending,
O'er the stream the chieftain bending
Cries—'My Nora is attending—
Charger bear me well.'
"'Midst the torrent see him rushing,
Danube darkly round him gushing,
'Gainst the waves the war-horse pushing,
Breaking Danube's swell.

"Prayers of love is Nora saying,
Hark! that sound o'er Danube straying,
'Tis the gallant charger neighing—
Linska's battle pride.
"'He, my love, has ceased to stride thee—
Since our nuptial bed's denied thee,
Take me in the wave beside thee,
Wedded in the tide.'"

While they were enjoying the effect of the beautiful manner of singing this wild and melancholy air, they were joined by Captain Blackwell, who entered into all their feelings upon the subject. Finding it excessively warm, they all three retired to a shady spot to refresh themselves while the troops marched by, and the conversation still ran upon the singing of the German soldiers. They enlarged upon the great advantage it must be to the soldier to have the spirit and the habit of softening their hardships and lessening their fatigues by the delightful resource of music, particularly when it really was music, as the Germans' was. Alvarez observed that he had never heard the English soldiers sing on their march.

"No," replied Blackwell; "but they converse with each other, and their conversation has a great deal of dry humour and even wit in it, which tends considerably to occupy the mind pleasingly, and consequently to enliven if not to relieve their

fatigue. An instance of this kind of wit occurred in my hearing this morning, which I must endeavour to explain to you as an example. As we marched out of Seville, I was riding with several officers together, and immediately before us we observed a stout woman, the wife of one of the men, who had a double knapsack on her back, surmounted by a number of necessary utensils and articles of luxury to a soldier; and to counterbalance the weight of her burthen she was obliged to bend her body almost double. One of the officers, pointing to her, remarked, in a laughing manner, "*that's prime*," making use of a cant term to signify that she was a curious sight. The woman, without turning round, or altering her settled pace, replied to the officer, "Upon my word but your honour's mistaken; it's not *prime*, but it's *load*, as your honour would find out if you would carry it for a mile or two."

While Blackwell was endeavouring to

make Ismena and Alvarez understand the full force of his countrywoman's jest, the rear of the English division passed, and Felix's regiment appeared in view.

"Here," said Felix, "comes another musical nation; and, if I mistake not, we shall have a specimen of my countrymen's manner of amusing their march."

Alvarez was not mistaken: one of the foremost of the Spanish soldiers had resigned his musket into the care of one of his comrades, and was most unmercifully twanging the strings of a guitar, (21) while himself and some of those around him were singing, at the loudest pitch of their voices, extemporaneous verses to one of those common gypsey airs which in the hands of more scientific and tasteful performers, are so wild and so sweet. They sang only a couplet at intervals; but the musician always continued the twanging or rather rattling of his guitar-strings; and when he began to sing a verse, the word ran from

mouth to mouth, and he was joined in it by a crowd of his comrades.

"Do you call that music?" said Blackwell.

"So performed, certainly not," answered Felix; "but I call it real gaiety of heart and unextinguishable spirits; and I further call it a proof both of the musical turn and of the real wit of the nation: listen to what they sing; the words are their own making; or if not composed at this moment by them, they were composed at another, by those who were as poor and as ignorant as they are: attend and see if you can catch their meaning. (22)

"Ah! think not 'tis love in my glances I mix,
When my looks on thy beauty I gazingly fix,
For remember there are many who go to a fair
Not to buy, but to look at the pretty things there.

"When two hearts begin with affection to glow,
They are often disturb'd by some imp from below;
But once kindled, the imps may be laid on the shelf,
For they'll love in despite of the Devil himself.

"Is your love feign'd or true would my jealousy try,
For 'tis satisfied still with a look or a sigh;
If 'tis feign'd, then it can of no consequence prove,
And if true, I no consequence fear of our love.

"Oh! think not 'tis life that I breathe when away
From the maiden whose glance is the light of my day;
Other beauties are stars, and 'tis night when they
beam,
My soul sleeps out their light, or at best does but
dream."

It was now Felix's turn to have to explain his countrymen's wit, which became necessary more from the difficulty of catching than of understanding the couplets.

"But after all," said Blackwell, "this is not to be compared to the music we have just heard from the hussars."

"I grant you," said Felix, "that if the hussars whom we have just heard are of the same class of people in Germany that these poor fellows are here, that we are infinitely behind them as a musical nation; but to show you that we have yet airs in a style truly national, which are not inferior

to any in Germany in pathos as well as science, before we mount our horses and overtake the troops, Ismena shall sing you a bolera."

Ismena willingly consented, and pitched upon that beautiful one, *No tocaran campanas*, to which Alvarez sung a second. (23)

" Toll not the bell of death for me,
When I am dead;
Strew not the flow'ry wreath o'er me,
On my cold bed:
Let friendship's sacred tear
On my fresh grave appear,
Gemming with pearls my bier—
When I am dead:
No dazzling proud array
Of pageantry display,
My fate to spread.

" Let not the busy crowd be near,
When I am dead;
Fanning with unfelt sighs my bier—
Sighs quickly sped.
Deep let th' impression rest
On some fond female breast,

Then were my memory blest—
When I am dead.
Let not the day be writ,
Love will remember it,
Untold—unsaid."

Captain Blackwell was loud in his praises of this song; and having mounted their horses, they continued to converse on the subject of national music until they joined the troops, when he separated from Alvarez and Ismena.

The patriotas continued in company with the division of British troops, until, after many days' march, they arrived at Toledo, where they first heard the news of the retreat of the British army from before Burgos, and their own immediate neighbourhood, to a body of the French army, to which General Hill, at Aranjuez, was opposed. This information aroused all the spirit of the guerilla in Alvarez. He felt that he breathed the same air with his enemies, and he was restless to be employed in destroying the beings who rendered

the air obnoxious to him. The British division was to halt for orders at Toledo; but Alvarez, impatient of delay, selected from his regiment a chosen number of his original guerillas, and leaving Sanchez in command of the rest, he pushed on. Ismena would fain have accompanied him, but he would not allow her: he found it difficult to reconcile her in this point to his wishes until he placed before her the likelihood of his conduct in the field being swayed by her presence there, and asked her whether she could bear the idea of being instrumental to the loss of his fame. This argument was too strong to be resisted, and she was reluctantly obliged to obey him, and remain under the care of Sanchez.

It was after mid-day when Alvarez set out from Toledo, and at sun-set he halted at a considerable village called Añover del Tajo, where he proceeded immediately to the alcalde's house, and required quarters for his detachment. The alcalde readily

complied with the requisition, and received Felix into his own house, where he was treated with every attention that respect and hospitality could dictate. The conversation of the alcalde, who was a man of a most communicative disposition, ran upon all that they had suffered while under the French yoke, and all that they feared to suffer, should the chances of war place them again in the hands of their enemies.

"Ah! Señor," said the alcalde, "if the other towns of our beloved country have seen as many horrors committed by these soldiers, as our poor little village has, it is to be wondered that all the world does not rise, and fall upon the demons that invented and executed them. We have a poor townsman who will be as long as he lives, which will not be long it is to be hoped for his sake, a momument of the wickedness of those bloody minded wretches."

"What did they do to him?" said Felix.

"Why it is almost too horrid to allow

oneself to remember;" replied the alcalde. "I would give the world to forget that I had seen it. We used frequently to be cursed by the arrival of foraging parties, who came as far as this from their head quarters at Toledo: these parties were sometimes smaller, and sometimes larger; sometimes only twenty or thirty, and sometimes a hundred dragoons:—and when they came, they took every thing they could lay their hands upon without mercy; hay, corn, cattle, and money, if they could find it, and insult us and our wives and daughters, and sometimes deliberately murder those who at all opposed them. But it so happened, Señor, that two of our townsmen had gone to Madrid, with a crop of potatoes, (24) and had found employment there to gain their livelihood, and so they stayed there. When the French King Pepe, wanted to raise his Spanish guards or juramentados, as they call them, these two poor fellows were pressed and forced into the service. But they were

Spaniards in their hearts, and they scorned to betray their country; and so they took the first opportunity to desert, and they came to hide themselves in their native place; and a long time passed away, and nothing ever happened in consequence, and they heard no more about it, and so they thought they were safe. But one day, Señor, there came a large party of dragoons in the usual way, with a captain at their head, who urged them on to take all they could; and the devil, who always helps on his own, somehow or other betrayed these poor fellows' secret to them. I don't accuse any body in particular, but they had enemies among their neighbours, and it was a good opportunity to gratify hate, you know, Señor. However, God knows whether the dragoons were told by any mortal devil, or whether the devil of hell put it into their heads, but so it was. The captain had these two poor fellows seized and brought into the plaza, just before our door; and he asked them why they had

deserted, and whether they would return to their duty; but the unfortunate Chicos had their heads more full of rage than of reason; for the soldiers that had brought them had been beating them with their swords, and reviling them, and their hands were tied behind them; and so instead of trying to come over the Frenchmen cunningly, and get off as easy as they could, they said they never would fight against their country, and that king Joseph was a usurper, and that all his followers were monsters, and in short they told them more truths than St. Michael told the Devil. You may depend upon it they were punished for this; but you will never guess how, Señor; nobody but a Frenchman could have imagined it, and nobody but a devil could have executed it. It so happened that at the door of the baker's house there was a large brasero, which a woman was filling with charcoal, to bake a quantity of bread that these wretches had required; the Captain had that and another filled with burning charcoal, and

made them sit down in the braseros until the fire covered their thighs!"

Alvarez made an exclamation of great horror.

" 'Tis but too true, Señor," resumed the alcalde; "I saw it with my own eyes. The unhappy wretches were kept there until the flesh of their legs was fried to the bone, and then the demons left them there. One was happy in not surviving the horrid torture which he had suffered; but the other, who was put into the fire the last, and who was less materially injured than the first, had both his legs cut off about half way above his knee by a surgeon from Aranjuez, and is still living, Señor, but an object of pity and compassion to all who behold him. His name is Juan Carmena." (25)

The narration of this most horrid story had a dreadful effect upon the mind of Felix. It reopened all those wounds which time and affection had began to heal, by strongly bringing to his memory his own misfortunes. Upon retiring to his bed, the

unhappy victim of the creatures of France took firm possession of his brain, and opened the door to a train of horrid scenes, and fearful phantoms, which effectually prevented the approach of sleep. Before day-light he was on horseback, and he set forth with his detachment on the road to Aranjuez.

Upon his arrival there, he found it the head quarters of the British troops, which were all upon the alert, expecting orders to march every moment. Having discovered the situation of things, he took the road upon which the French were expected, and advanced upon it with the intention of discovering if they were really so near as they were thought to be. Proceeding with caution, he went slowly on, and the night closed upon him before he had seen any thing like the advance of the enemy. He established himself in a wood by the side of the road for the night, having posted a piquet, and on the following morning he continued his course.

It was considerably in advance of Ocaña,

when, upon gaining the height of a hill over which the road passed, he perceived a vidette posted on the crest of another. He desired his guerillas to remain hid from sight by the fall of the ground they had ascended, and upon no account to show themselves by rising to the height; then taking only two of his detachment with him, he struck off into the thick wood by which both sides of the road were lined, and advanced in silence, without being perceived by the dragoon. When Felix approached him, he discovered that he was about two hundred yards in advance of a strong cavalry piquet, and as he could have no hopes of making any impression on it, he contented himself with the information he had gained, and the alarm he was about to give them, and he desired one of his companions to level his carbine at the fated vidette. The guerilla proved that he was a good marksman; the vidette fell, and the piquet in an instant was horsed and in motion. They were soon at the spot which

Felix had just quitted; but he had joined his detachment, and was rapidly retiring with them towards Aranjuez. (26)

At Aranjuez, the British army had already retired across the Tagus, and was encamped in the beautiful park on the other side. The engineers were destroying the bridge, and Alvarez was the last man who crossed it. The army remained in this situation for some days, and was joined by the division from Toledo, while the French advanced and occupied the bank of the river immediately opposite to them. Things, however, did not remain in this state long. The enemy crossed the river higher up; and it became necessary to retreat across the Jarama, a river running nearly parallel with the Tagus, and falling into it below Aranjuez. This movement was effected over a beautiful and very long bridge, called the Puente Larga, which it was attemped to blow up; but as the attempt did not perfectly succeed, a division was left to defend it, and the body of the army marched

on. When the retreat commenced, Alvarez begged Ismena to hasten on to Madrid, where he would join her as soon as possible, and before it was necessary that she should leave that place. He remained himself with the division which was to defend the Puente Larga; and his anxiety induced him to recross the river Jarama, and ride a considerable way to the left to endeavour to gain a height, from which he hoped to see something of the movements of the enemy. The distance had deceived him; it was much further than it appeared to be; and finding he had gone so far from the bridge, he gave up his plan, and thought of returning. On approaching the avenue which led to it, he was not a little surprised to find it filled with soldiers, whom he instantly recognized to be French. He turned his horse round, setting off at all speed, and took a little road which followed the course of the river, determining, if he should be closely pursued, to endeavour to swim it. But apparently he had not been observed.

for he arrived at a considerable village called Bayona without any one having followed him; here he found every house entirely deserted, and not a living soul in the village, except a very old man, who appeared unable to move, and who was sitting at the door of a barn.

"Where is the nearest bridge over this river, my friend?" cried Alvarez.

"There is not one, Señor, on this side of Madrid; the first is at Torrejon de Ardoz," muttered the old man; "but there is a ford here if you could but find it."

"Is it difficult or dangerous?" asked Felix.

"It is very dangerous if you go wrong," replied the old man, "but the rule to find it is easy; enter the river at that stone cross, Señor, that marks the ford, and go strait on, always keeping the Convent of San Francisco in a line with the steeple of Cienpozuelos."

Felix made the old man repeat his directions, for he could scarcely understand

his mumbling voice, and then, in conformity to them, he boldly dashed into the river. He was frequently afraid that he had gone wrong from the depth of the water and the unevenness of the bottom, but at length he arrived safe, and thanked Heaven for his delivery. Upon entering the small town of Cienpozuelos, he found it perfectly deserted; the most uninterrupted silence reigned, and the effect was so extraordinary upon the nerves of Felix when he found himself in the middle of a handsome town in broad day-light without a single living object, and in the most deathlike silence, that he was almost startled at the noise of his horse's feet upon the pavement. As he turned, however, into the plaza, he caught a glimpse of the flowing drapery of a woman habited like a nun, as she flitted across a street at the opposite corner: he increased his pace to overtake her, which he soon did by following the street he had observed her take. The moment he came near her, she commenced one loud and con-

tinued shriek, which was only interrupted by the pauses necessary to renew her breath.

"Good sister, be not frightened," said Felix; "I am no Frenchman."—But his endeavours were useless; she still continued her scream, which, after some time, was changed into exclamations of "Holy Virgin, preserve me!"—"Lord have mercy upon me!"—"*Maria purisima y santisima!*" After running some time, she at length fell down upon her knees at the threshold of a door which she had been endeavouring to attain.

Felix did every thing he possibly could to assure her that she need be in no fear: it was a considerable time before he could persuade her to look at him, or convince her that he was not a Frenchman. At length, however, he succeeded in making her believe that he was a Spaniard and a friend, and her joy was as great as before had been her terror. She rang violently at the bell, and was answered by another

woman in the same dress, who, having heard the conversation in the street, was also in a state of terrible alarm ; but as Felix assured them that he merely wanted them to point out to him the road to Madrid, they became pacified, and told him that they would not only show him the way, but accompany him, for that they were only a little behind all the inhabitants of the town, and that they had stopped to collect some things of value, for which the one whom Felix had met had gone to the convent, while the other remained at that house to arrange others. Alvarez had no inclination to be forced to go the pace of these old women, for they were both upwards of sixty ; but he could not find in his heart to leave them abruptly in so distressing a situation, and therefore he made up his mind to see them safely on their road before he quitted them.

"Ah! Señor," said sister Juana, "you would not be astonished at sister Dolores here being frightened if you knew the history of our convent. We are the only two

remaining, out of three and twenty of the sisterhood who belonged to the Franciscan convent when the French entered Cienpozuelos last. A whole regiment was sent into the convent to be quartered; and the soldiers, after behaving to the sisterhood in too brutal a manner for me to utter, Señor, deliberately put an end to their existence. Sister Dolores and I made our escape, and have lived ever since in that house where you found us. (27)

Felix's blood ran cold. The old lady would have gone on, giving him a more particular description of the misfortunes of her convent, but he prevented her. He was not able to hear them calmly—it was too tender a string. After accompanying them some way on the road, he left them, and galloped on. He soon overtook a crowd of people hastening onwards towards the capital, and he found them to be the collected inhabitants of Cienpozuelos and Bayona. He informed them that the two nuns were coming on, and requested some of them to

wait, which two or three men immediately offered to do; and without stopping, lest he should be forced to hear more horrors, he continued his course towards Madrid.

## CHAP. XXVI.

Salamanca.—Retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo.—Distressing Scene which occurred on the Retreat.—Spaniards and Portuguese.—Portuguese Idea of Distance.

THE night had began to close in before Alvarez left Cienpozuelos, and it was long after midnight when he arrived at Madrid. He found Ismena at the posada which he had pointed out to her in great alarm for his safety, and he flung himself in his clothes upon a couch to take a few hours' rest, of which he stood much in need: he was awakened soon after day-light by the intelligence that the whole of General Hill's corps was marching by the Puerta de San Vicente, and he hastened with Ismena to join them and his regiment.

They crossed the Manzanares at the first bridge above Madrid, and took the road by

Aravaca and Majalahonda towards the Escorial; but they turned off short of that palace, and passed over the Sierra de Guadarrama, by the celebrated pass of that name, at the highest point of which stands the immense figure of the lion, holding the two globes which marks the confines of the two Castilles. (28) In a few days they arrived at Alva de Tormes, from whence they continued their march over the plains of los Arapiles, (29) which had so lately been the scene of battle, and the seat of victory, and which yet bore the impression of the footmarks of death, and arrived at Salamanca, the theatre where Felix had made his entrance into the world, and where he now beheld a sight which at once delighted and depressed his heart. Behind the beautiful city, which, from being built upon a steep hill, is as prominent as beautiful an object, the plain was covered with a vast number of tents, whose perfect order and glittering whiteness could not fail of exciting sensations of pleasure. It was the

army of Lord Wellington, the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, the conqueror of the Arapiles, the preserver of his country. His heart bounded at the sight. But that army was in retreat before the destroyers of Spain, the outragers of nature. The thought came to cast a gloom over his joy: it was but a transient one; his speculative fancy was busy in imagining future advances and future victories; and before he entered the city, his spirits had recovered their high tone of exultation.

The armies remained some days at Salamanca, during which the French, as well as the English bodies, formed their junction. It was about the middle of November, and the weather began to put on the appearance of winter. The rain descended in torrents when the British army began its retreat, and the wet season once set in, it continued night and day without intermission. Felix, although not employed in this service by command, remained always in the rear of the retreating army with a mounted de-

tachment of his guerillas; and many were the opportunities which he had of annoying and harassing the advanced outposts of the enemy.

His compassion, however, was but too frequently excited for some of his exhausted allies and countrymen, whom, as he was generally the last of the army who passed, he saw lying by the road side exhausted by fatigue, and overpowered by the difficulties of the march, without being able to assist them, or prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; but most particularly were his feelings affected by the situation of many unhappy women, who, too feeble to encounter the hardships they were exposed to, gave themselves up at once to their fate. One instance struck him with peculiar horror. The soil was rather of a clayey nature in some parts of their march, and the immense quantity of rain that had fallen, and the number of feet of men and horses that had passed, had rendered the road most difficult to walk on. The soil was

not sufficiently loose to constitute mud, and the impression of the footsteps had divided it into a number of deep holes: the horses frequently sunk nearly to their knees, while the consistency of the earth rendered it a labour for them to draw out their legs. In a spot of this kind Alvarez was making the best of his way to gain the rear of the column, from which he had allowed himself to be a little too far removed, when he was arrested in his progress by the sight of an unhappy woman, who had sunk up to her knees in the mud in the very middle of the road, without having strength enough to extricate herself; in this situation she had resigned herself to her fate. Alvarez stopped, but was totally unable to afford her any assistance. He was even fearful of approaching the spot where she was, lest his horse, which was much fatigued, should become entangled in the same quagmire. He had nothing but compassion to offer her, which he did with all his heart; but the woman, who was one of the crowd of

Portuguese girls who had attached themselves to English soldiers when the army was in Portugal, and had afterwards followed them through all their campaigns, told him that she was aware that he could afford her no assistance, and advised him to go on, which advice, however, he did not act upon until he saw the advance of the enemy approaching at a distance; he then was forced to leave her, and he did so with feelings of very great distress. (30)

During this dreadful retreat from Salamanca to Ciudad Rodrigo, which lasted, however, but four days, Felix, together with very many others of the retiring army, derived their principal sustenance from acorns and chesnuts, of which, particularly the former, they found great plenty in the oak woods through which the road lay. The weather rendered it a greater difficulty to light a fire to roast these than it was to procure them: at length, however, they arrived at the end of

their difficulties and hardships, at Ciudad Rodrigo, and the whole army immediately took up its winter quarters in Portugal.

There is no single national prejudice in any part of the world more strongly marked, or more universally transmitted from father to son, than that which induces a Spaniard to despise a Portuguese; and the epithet of *finchado*, meaning literally arrogantly puffed up, which is almost exclusively applied by the Spaniards to the Portuguese, is one of the most intolerable insults which one of the former nation can receive. To call a Spaniard "*Portuguese finchudo*," is sufficient to raise the anger which a long list of less injurious epithets had failed to excite. A similar feeling against the inhabitants of Spain exists in the minds of the Portuguese, but by no means in the same degree. The marked difference in the characteristic distinction of the two nations may in some measure account for the existence of this prejudice: the Spanish

peasant being distinguished by a haughty and independent spirit to an excess, whilst, on the contrary, in the general character of the Portuguese peasantry, an abject humility, and mean servility to their superiors, or those from whom they expect to derive advantage, will be found to predominate. Of the two characters, the consequences of the Spaniard have been, and must always be, the reverse of what may be expected to the Portuguese. It is that haughty spirit, together with an enthusiastic and ill-directed love of their country, paramount to every other feeling, which has shut the doors of Spain to the improvements and advancements of the rest of the world, and hast left it, in the nineteenth century, a hundred years behind the other nations of Europe. It was that spirit that refused to admit the advantages of superior discipline amongst their soldiers, because it was to be received from a foreign nation, and delayed to place the most consummate General in the world

at the head of their armies, because he was not a Spaniard; but it was that spirit also that under the direction of that General drove the French from their country.

Alvarez was a Spaniard, and he felt like a Spaniard. His country, his dear country, was every thing: and the Portuguese were *finchados!* Yet he was less violent than a great many, and more liberal than most. All that he was able to observe, however, of the character of the peasants, now that he was in Portugal, was calculated to heighten his prejudices against them; and he heartily wished for the opening of the campaign, that he might leave the country of a people whom he so heartily despised. Day after day something or other occurred to show their character in a stronger light, and to increase his dislike to them.

Alvarez and Ismena, accompanied by Captain Blackwell, who had come from the quarters of his regiment to pay them a visit, were one day taking a long ride,

and in endeavouring to return to the town from which they set out, they lost themselves; a circumstance which the intricacies of the roads, or rather tracts, for roads there are none in Portugal, renders it difficult to avoid, and to be wondered at when it is avoided. They came to a cluster of miserable huts in the fields, around which some men were working. Blackwell called to a party of them.

"O Senhor! how far is it to Santa Comba Daõ?"

There was a pause. The men opened their mouths, and stared without speaking. The question was repeated.

"*Tres leguas*—three leagues," replied at length one of them; holding up three of his fingers as a further explanation.

"Three leagues!" exclaimed at once Alvarez and Ismena, with astonishment and alarm.

"It is necessary," said Blackwell, "to inquire whether they are long or short leagues, for none of these people have any

idea of a standard league, nor indeed have they any idea of distance at all."

To the question whether they were long or short, two of the men answered at once, one saying "*boas*," or good ones, and the other "*pequenas*," or little ones. A further explanation being required, the majority of the peasants seemed to say that they were *boas*; and having ascertained the direction they were to take, they went on with the further information that they were to keep *tudo adeante*—straight forward.

Having advanced about a quarter of a mile, they saw a peasant with a long stick walking along at some distance from the road. At first he either would not, or could not hear them; but at last, by repeated hisses, and shouts of "*O Senhor*," they got him to come to them. (31)

"How far is it to Santa Comba Daõ?"

After a little hesitation, the man replied, "a short league."

"And are we in the right road?"

"Straight on."

This was more consoling intelligence; and they continued their route a little more cheerfully; but Felix could not help remarking on the difference between the distance that had been named by their first informants, and that which this man had told them only a few hundred yards further on. "I can in no way account," said he, "for the little conception these people have of a measurement of distance; they are so stupidly ignorant upon the subject, that one would suppose that the peasant never stirred out of his native village, and that one town has no communication with another."

"That is really almost the case," replied Blackwell; "and their stupidity in this respect is consistent with their barbarous ignorance in many others. They have hardly an idea that any thing but articles of urgent necessity can be got out of Lisbon; and it is a remark that I have made in all the towns and villages, large

and small, where I have ever been in Portugal, that if you go into a shop and ask for the commonest thing, if it be not one of real necessity, or what they happen to have, you are certain to get the same answer to your inquiries: "*Ha muito em Lisboa*,"—there's plenty at Lisbon: a piece of information highly useful to you, who are a hundred leagues removed from it. You may express your surprise, and renew your inquiries, you will only get a repetition of the same words, "*Ha muito em Lisboa*."

When they had gone at least four miles upon the road, they had been desired to follow *straight on*, they began to find that the man who had given them such comfortable information about the little league, certainly was a great blockhead, for they had travelled what might well be called a long one, and there were yet no signs of Santa Comba Daõ. They had not since met a human creature, but they now discovered a hamlet at a distance, and they

directed their steps to it. They found several peasants together near it, men and women, and they renewed their questions.

"How far is it to Santa Comba Daõ?"

"Santa Comba Daõ, Senhor?"

"Yes; what distance is it from hence."

"Two leagues," said a peasant, holding up two fingers, as the other men had done.

"This is our last friend's little league," said Ismena.

"And which is the road?" asked Blackwell.

To the great surprise of the whole party, the man pointed in the very direction they had come from.

"Oh, this is too bad," said Blackwell, beginning to get angry; "will any of you come to guide us?"

Had a liveshell been suddenly thrown into the middle of the group assembled to gaze at these foreigners, it could not have had a more instantaneous effect, in dispersing them, than this request of Blackwell's.

They all separated in a moment, verging off in different directions, each taking his own way. Blackwell now became really angry, and, drawing his sword, he galloped after a stout big fellow, who, when he overtook him, fell down upon his knees, and began crying most bitterly, frequently ejaculating the name of the Saviour. Blackwell desired him instantly to set out and guide them all the way to Santa Comba Daō, or he would punish him most severely. After many supplications, he found there was no alternative, and sobbing like an infant, he led the way contrary to the one which had been pointed out. After taking them about two miles, they began to recollect the features of the country, and in a very short time they came within sight of the town.

"Is this the two leagues you talked about, you rascal?" said Blackwell.

"Si, Sénhor," returned the man, still sobbing, for he had kept up his crying all the way.

Blackwell, disgusted, threw a piece of money down to him, and desired him to go about his business. The abject animal took up the money, and running up to his horse he kissed the hem of his loose pantaloons, and making many bows, he turned back the way they had come. (32)

" *O España, España!*" said Felix, "*Oxala que estuviera otra vez en medio de tus hijos!*—Oh Spain, Spain! would to Heaven I were once more amongst thy sons!"

## CHAP. XXVII.

Spanish Sacred Dramas—Portuguese Modinhas—Portuguese Guides — Commencement of the Campaign—A Paradox—Affair at Osma—British Stoicism—Spanish Joke—French Exactions.

BUT Alvarez and Ismena used to relieve the monotony of their life in Portugal, by taking occasional journeys to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the villages in the neighbourhood of it, where the Spanish troops were quartered. They had many friends in the Spanish army, and among these they spent the carnival in as much mirth and gaiety as the inconveniences resulting from the crowded quarters of an army would admit of.

It was Lent time when they were at

Ciudad Rodrigo, on their return to their own quarters; and the evening before their departure, they amused themselves by going to see a miserable set of strolling players, who had established a sort of theatre there during the carnival, and now continued their performances in Lent, by representing *autos sacramentales*, or dramatic pieces taken from Scripture, which are generally acted in holy seasons. The play-bills announced the performance of one of these, called *La Paciencia de Job*, the Patience of Job, on the evening on which Alvarez and Ismena were of the audience; and they persuaded an English officer, with whom they were acquainted, and whom they met by chance, to accompany them. To Alvarez and Ismena, this kind of plays was not uncommon, and they consequently were not at all struck by the singularity of the manner in which the subject was treated, although they laughed heartily at the awkwardness of the actors; but their English friend

was not a little astonished to see the tempter of Job personified on the stage as a black devil with great horns and a long tail. This figure of Satan accompanied Job through the whole play, holding continual conversations with the unhappy model of patience, and at last the English officer began to be accustomed to the sight of him; but he was indeed shocked by the manner in which the play concluded, and much more at hearing the people applaud what he considered as irreverence amounting to blasphemy. The Deity was made to descend from the clouds; and after conversing for some time with the devil, they each took an arm of Job, and actually had a battle for him on the stage, which, after some time, ending in the discomfiture of the devil; his opponent literally kicks him off the stage. (33)

On their return from this trip to Ciudad Rodrigo, Alvarez and Ismena arrived at a village within three leagues of their quarters, just as the evening closed. Their

road beyond this place lay through pine woods, which it would be impossible to penetrate without the assistance of a guide; and it was consequently discussed between them whether they would remain there the whole night, and proceed in the morning, or finish their journey at once that night. After much consideration, it was determined that they should proceed at once, as they would be lighted by a clear and beautiful moon, and they therefore inquired for the juez da fora's house, that they might procure a peasant to guide them, as, without the authority of a magistrate, they knew they had no hopes of obtaining one. The juez da fora's house was pointed out to them, and as they approached it they found a party of girls sitting upon the steps of the door singing one of their national modinhas, and Ismena could not but observe that, harsh and nasal as the language seemed in common conversation, in singing the beautiful airs of the country it acquired a softness which

it was difficult to reconcile with the general pronounciation. They stopped to listen to the gay air that this group was singing.

Love by Venus' kisses made ill,
On Ina's bosom found a cradle:
There, rocked 'till he doses,
He softly reposes,
But, Ina, beware thorns are hid beneath roses.
His slumbers forsaking,
He soon will be waking,
And put thy gay heart in a terrible taking.

Though your heart seem as 'twere guestless,
E'en in slumber love is restless;
For there's no denying,
You're forced to be sighing
To rock the poor baby, and keep him from crying;
But wake when he will,
He will wake but to kill,
His progress is marked by ingratitude still.

In safety falsely certain,
Remove not Cupid's curtain;
The little god showing,
In happiness glowing,
Nor laugh at the darts e'en in dreams he is throwing;

But while sleeping you find him,
Ah! take him and bind him,
And then when he wakes, you may laugh and not
mind him.

The song being finished, they interrupted the party to make their requisition upon the juez for a guide, whom they promised to reward, for his trouble. The juez, who appeared upon their inquiring for him, assured them that the road was perfectly straight, and impossible to be mistaken; but as Alvarez declined to trust to his information, and continued to insist upon being furnished with a guide, the village magistrate was reluctantly obliged to comply. In consequence of his orders, a stout ill-looking fellow made his appearance, who positively declared that he would not go unless he were allowed to have a companion to return with him, as he represented the wood to be dangerous from the number of wolves in it, and also from the apprehension of robbers. Another man was named to accompany him, and the

whole party set out from the village, the first man who had come forward as a guide having armed himself with an immense horse-pistol.

The moon was excessively brilliant; and while it showed the travellers clearly the road they were persuing, it threw a deep gloom under the masses of pine-trees on both sides of them. The whole party was silent; and Felix could not prevent his mind from entertaining the idea of the facility with which the two men could dispatch himself and Ismena for the purposes of plunder, and how little chance there was of their detection, should they take it into their heads to commit such an act. Prejudiced as he was against the Portuguese, and knowing them to be prejudiced against the Spaniards, he saw no great improbability of their attempting this, and he kept his eye narrowly upon the too fellows, who were walking a little before the heads of their horses, that he might be ready for defence upon the first indication of a hos-

tile disposition in them. While he was allowing his mind to follow this train of reflections, one of the guides suddenly commenced a conversation.

"Do you know, Senhor," said he, "that this is not the first time that I have been employed by the juez da fora to guide strangers along this road; I remember I came once with Joachim da Silva to show a French officer the way. This pistol belonged to him, Senhor, and a capital one it is."

"If it belonged to him, how did it come into your possession, my friend?" asked Alvarez.

"Why, you know, Senhor, he was a Frenchman and an enemy, and it was only our duty to get rid of him; so when we come to the river Daõ there is a little precipice from the road into the current of the river, and when we arrived at it I stood on one side of his horse, and Joachim on the other, and kept talking to him as we went along, as we may do to you now,

Senhor, and close by the edge of the river I gave his right leg a lift out of the stirrup all of a sudden, and Joachim finished the business for him by tilting him over the side of the road. It was just such a moon-light night as this is; and having secured his horse, we looked over to see whether he had fallen hard enough, and the fellow had the devil's own luck, for there he was amongst the stones in the river, alive and kicking. We could see him plain enough, and we could hear him too, for he swore at us with all his might; but says I to Joachim, 'We'll soon put an end to his swearing,' and we took his pistols out of his holsters, and taking an aim at him, we both fired at once; I don't know whose ball it was, but one of us stopped his mouth for him. We each of us took one of his pistols, and we sold his horse and divided the money."

This cool confession of deliberate murder converted all Felix's suspicion into certainty, that they were destined to fol-

low the Frenchman over the precipice. He deliberated a long while how to act; but at length he considered the facility with which a Portuguese may generally be daunted, and he thought he might as well endeavour to frighten these fellows out of their intention, if they should have formed one to murder them. Accordingly he began to relate the most extravagant stories of his own prowess in battle, and of the many Frenchmen whom he had fought and killed, half a dozen at a time. The guides seemed to listen with attention to these stories, and remained in perfect silence. They passed the spot which they had stated to have been the scene of their murder, without even making a remark upon it, and continuing their route, they conducted the travellers safely to their destined point. At the entrance of the town, Alvarez readily gave them some money, and dismissed them, not at all sorry to get quit of them. (34)

By repeatedly changing his quarters, Alvarez had an opportunity of seeing a

great portion of the north of Portugal before the commencement of the campaign for which he so much longed; and when the army was put in motion, the left column began its march from cantonments which extended as far north as the Douro. It was in the end of May that Alvarez forded the little river Manzanas, and found himself once more on the soil of his *amada patria;* and it was with anxious hopes that he might never again quit it. He galloped on to Alcañizas, the nearest town, and felt a sensation of delight as he viewed the whitewashed walls and brick floors of its houses. After having remained some time at Alcañizas, he set out to return to Travazos, the little village where his regiment was quartered, and through which he had already passed.

"How far is it from here to Travazos?" said he to a peasant as he left the town of Alcañizas.

"Only one league, Señor," replied the peasant, "and a short one;" yet, if you

had asked at Travazos the distance to Alcañizas, they would have told you three good leagues, and they would have told you true too!"

"How happens that, my friend?"

"Do you see that high steeple of our town there, Señor?" continued the peasant; "the moment you get out of the village of Travazos and mount the hill, it is the first thing that strikes your view, and it looks as if it were nothing of a distance; and on you go, always keeping the steeple in sight—no hill, no tree, no turning of the road, intervenes to make you forget it for an instant; still the same *maldita* steeple; and though it always seems very near, you never seem to get nearer, so that you are often inclined to wish the steeple fifty leagues off. Ask any man when he has come to Alcañizas from Travazos, how far it is from the village to the town church, and I warrant you he will be more inclined to say that it is three leagues than one. But when you go the road you are going, Señor, from

hence to Travazos, you turn your back on the eternal steeple, and keep on through the barley and wheat, until, before you think of it, you come pounce upon the village. I'll lay you a wager you'll say that it's not a league when you get there." (35)

Felix laughed heartily at the man's explanation of his apparent paradox, but he found what he said to be literally true; for on his arrival at Travazos he could scarcely think it was a league, and he remembered that in going to Alcañizas he had thought it a much greater distance.

The army once in motion, it continued to march with rapidity. By the admirable manner in which the march was conducted, all the strong positions of the enemy were flanked by the allies, and it might rather be said that the retreating and advancing armies marched parallel with, than following each other. The allies crossed the Esla, and proceeded to Zamora; from thence to Medina del Rio Seco, Palencia, and

across the Ebro, without having once given the enemy an opportunity of making any reconnoissance. A few days, however, after having crossed the Ebro, the French showed a considerable body of men in the valley of Osma, and a sharp affair took place between them and the allies, in which the French were driven back with considerable loss. Alvarez lost not this opportunity of distinguishing himself, and he led on the skirmishes in the commencement of the action with the most undaunted gallantry. When the French were in full retreat from the field they had attempted to retain, he was still with the most advanced light troops, who were harassing their rear. A British soldier who was standing close to him in the execution of this duty, was in the act of reloading his musket which he had just discharged, when a ball struck him in the leg, and passed through the two bones of it without breaking either. The man fell, and Felix continued to advance; but before he had gone many yards, he looked back,

and saw this undaunted fellow hobbling along after him, and supporting himself on his musket for a crutch. Alvarez told him that he should go to the rear, rather than the front where he might chance to catch another ball more fatal than the first. The man replied to him in tolerable Spanish, "Never mind that, Sir," said he; "my wound is no great matter—no bone broken, thank God, and I want to get another lick at the rascals, that I mayn't have loaded my piece for nothing." (36)

In continuing their march, after this completely successful affair, Felix and Ismena were quartered one night in the village of Zuaro, a miserable collection of mud houses, where there was one which was a considerable venta: it was in this house that Alvarez put up for the night. The landlady was a very talkative woman, and was delighted to let her tongue loose upon any subject, but particularly so interesting a one as the grievances they had suffered from the French.

"You shall have some beautiful tomates for your supper," said she; "and I must tell you, Señor, a joke about those tomates that will be as good as sauce to them. You must know that there was a regiment of French soldiers, dressed in green uniform, came by here not long ago, all flying away from you, Señor, and our allies; and the officers of this regiment stopped here, and wanted something to eat, and I had nothing in the world but tomates, and those were all green; there was not a ripe one to be had; but, however, such as they were, they had them: but they got into a dreadful passion, and asked me how I could think of sending them such things to eat. "Ah, gentlemen," says I, "unfortunately we have nothing but *green* ones just now; but in a very short time, heaven be praised, we shall have *los Colorados**—the red ones, here, and plenty of them."

* The English were familiarly termed *los Colorados*—the red ones, by the common people, from their uniform.

The good lady laughed so heartily at her own joke, that it was quite unnecessary for any one to join her.

"Did the French do much mischief here as they passed?" asked Ismena.

"They did as much as they could," replied the landlady; "they levied a contribution of two thousand rials upon the village, to be raised in a day; and, Lord bless you there is not so much to be found in the village together. We tried all we could do; we could not offer them any thing in exchange, for they had taken all our corn; so every body gave as much as they could, and some gave the last peseta they had in the world; and so we managed to raise one thousand amongst all the inhabitants of the village, and they took that; but they were shockingly dissatisfied, and threatened dreadful things: they marched away, however, without putting their threats into execution." (37)

The landlady proceeded to relate many things which she had heard the French

had done; but as Alvarez and Ismena were much fatigued, and had heard quite enough of the character of the French army, they dismissed her as soon as they could, and retired to rest.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

Ominous Thunders—The Battle of Vitoria—A Charge of Cavalry—Robbery of the Dead and Wounded—Escape of King Joseph—Spoils of the Battle—A Coincidence.

THE battle of Osma, or rather the reconnoissance made at that place, was the only instance in which either of the armies had shown themselves in any force since the opening of the campaign, and it was the immediate forerunner of the first, the great, the only blow which may be said at once to have begun and decided it—the battle of Vitoria.

On the evening of the day following this affair, Alvarez, who, with his regiment, was with the Spanish division attached to the left of the army, under General Graham, had the satisfaction of seeing the immense

squares of French infantry that were bivouacked on the plains around the city of Vitoria, from an elevated village called Zaitegui. Had he been able to look forward only a few hours, he would have seen those regular phalanxes mingled and flying in disordered confusion; but not being gifted with the inspiration of prophecy, his brightest hopes were bounded to probability, and he said to himself, as, with the assistance of his spy-glass he contemplated the beautiful city, "to-morrow we shall be in Vitoria."

Oh! that to-morrow! what a day of conquest and of glory to one of those vast bodies that might then be viewed from the steeples of Vitoria! what a day of shame and of defeat to the other! The night that preceded it set in with clouds; and before it was over, they met, and burst with peals of tremendous thunder.

"We shall have a battle and a victory to-morrow," said a British centinel to his comrade as they paced round their camp.

"Those are two words with the same

meaning with us now-a-days," replied his companion.

"That's true enough," said the first, "and we shall prove it to-morrow; that thunder is a sign that never deceived us yet; for my part I think that there is something more than mere chance in that thunder; for whenever Wellington takes it into his head to give the mounseers a licking, its always sure to tickle our ears the night before: (38) the French have found that out before now, or else the devil makes them deaf; and if they hear that clap now, my life on't their hearts are in their shoes. For my part, I'd sooner be drenched to the skin in a thunder storm the night before a battle, than sleep in the sweetest moonshine. Do you remember the thunder the night before the battle of Salamanca?"

"I never shall forget it," replied his comrade, "till I can find something more glorious to remember: I think that's as good as saying I shall remember it all my life."

"If that's the case, take care it does not slip your memory to-morrow," said his friend.

And if only the success of the two battles were placed in the scale, that of Vitoria would certainly supersede that of Salamanca in the memory of this soldier. The dawn chased away all the heavy clouds which had done their duty by their prediction, and the morning rays shone with all their gladness and their glory. The action was commenced on the right, at a great distance from where Alvarez was posted; but the noise of the cannon and musketry was distinctly heard, and the direction of the clouds of smoke was the only indication to the anxious spectators who were with Sir Thomas Graham on the left of the army, of the progress of their friends. Every heart beat high—every eye was strained to endeavour to distinguish something of what was going on. It was long, very long, before these spectators were called upon to act; but at length their attention

was turned from watching the more distant movements and successes of their comrades, to the part they had to play themselves in the action.

The French having lost the advantageous ground on their left, were retiring fast towards the city of Vitoria, when Sir Thomas Graham's corps moved onward to cross the river Zadorra, and prevent their retreat by the great road to Bayonne. His advance had proceeded so far as to take possession of the small village of Avechucho, when they drew upon them a most tremendous cannonade from an immense number of pieces of artillery, posted on the opposite side of the river. The fire was at first terrible, but it lasted not long; nothing could impede the progress of the brave men who were pushing forward. The passage of the river was soon forced. Part of the column crossed it at the bridge of Avechucho, and part at that of Aranguiz. Alvarez, who found himself not so much advanced as he wished, and in a situation where he

could neither do nor see all that he desired, galloped on, and overtook a brigade of British cavalry as they were crossing the river. It was to this brigade that his friend Blackwell belonged, and he was not long in finding him out. Some time after passing the river, they turned into a broad way that took them round the town at some distance from it, running parallel with the road upon which the confused crowd of flying Frenchmen were retreating. They soon came up with them; and filing over a little brook which intervened between them and the road, they formed upon an open space through which the road passed. The affrighted fugitives finding themselves taken on both flanks, for other cavalry was coming up upon the other side, hastily formed into a body with as much regard to order as was possible, and two regiments of French cavalry placed themselves in front of them to receive the charge of the British brigade. The order to charge was given. The shout which was set up by the delighted

Englishmen thrilled through every fibre of Felix's body; it was a new sensation, the real shout of battle of a whole body of men —the shock of cavalry. This feeling, this sight, was to all that he had ever witnessed as was his former experience of war to the firing at a mark. The consciousness of his sensations passed like a flash of lightning through his brain, for there was no time to think; the body that was opposed to them moved steadily forward to meet them, and they met.—The shout of the charge in exalting the imagination of Alvarez had given the nerve of a giant to his arm, and those on whom it fell lived not to deny its strength. It was his fate that day to add a new claim to his title of *El Vengador*, by making his sword the instrument of personal vengeance as well as of general justice. He was close to Captain Blackwell when the two regiments met; a French officer of gigantic size, advancing, struck a well-aimed blow at his friend's head, which laid open his temple, and then with equal

strength and dexterity ran his sword through his body; he enjoyed not the triumph, however, but paid for it with his life to the blade of Alvarez.

The first French regiment being cut up and dispersed, exposed the front of the second, which in perfect order concealed the square of infantry, and waited for the arrival of the British cavalry, whose success had necessarily thrown them into some confusion. They continued galloping on until they had almost reached the yet immoveable body of cavalry before them. When, however, they came within a few yards of it, the French divided in the centre, and, hastily filing off on both sides, left the advancing squadrons exposed to the fire of the infantry which was behind them. Had they been steady, not an Englishman could have escaped, for they were advancing with full speed upon their bayonets, and were so near that every man might have deliberately killed an enemy at every shot. But they were frightened, intermixed, confused;

they had been beaten into expectation of defeat, and could no longer act with cool intrepidity. They aimed their muskets too high; almost all the balls passed over the heads of the victorious chargers; and having once discharged their pieces, they turned and sought refuge in the flight from which they had been with much difficulty restrained for a moment. The cavalry pursued them close, sacrificing numbers, and taking many prisoners. (39)

Having continued in the pursuit a considerable way, Felix at length turned back with the faint hope of finding that his friend Blackwell had not received a mortal wound. He returned with all speed; and it was with equal horror and astonishment he found that almost all the poor soldiers who had fallen in the fight a few minutes before, were already stripped of every thing they had on, and left upon the ground in a state of perfect nakedness, by some mercenary wretches, who, undaunted by the dangers that they may meet with, follow an army

close upon the scent of a battle, to plunder the unhappy victims of the sword and the musket, sometimes in their savage lust for gain finishing the work that those instruments had but imperfectly commenced, preparing as it were the bloody feast for the wolves to which their spirits are akin, and of which they are the precursors.

"Good God!" exclaimed Felix, "can human nature be so depraved, so hardened, so insensible."

Upon continuing to ride over the field of battle, he saw with indignation one of those human beasts of prey in the act of stripping a body. He rode up to him, and his indignation was much increased on finding him to be a Spaniard; but it knew no bounds when, casting his eyes upon the soldier he had been robbing, he saw him move, and found that he was still alive. Drawing a pistol from his holster, he swore to put an end to the wretch if he did not instantly fly from before him. The man, without speaking, deliberately obeyed,

and removed himself to a distance; and Felix, who found it difficult to restrain his hand from pulling the trigger of the presented pistol, continued his search for his friend. It was but a respite which his sensibility had procured for the miserable object of his compassion—the wolf returned to his prey, and most probably put an end to the life the demonstration of which had excited the horror of Alvarez. (40)

Felix found his friend, but it was to have all his hopes destroyed. A surgeon had passed by the spot, and pronounced his spirit to have fled; and two soldiers who had been left to guard the body were scantily covering it with earth. Felix felt his eyes fill with tears which he could not repress, as he saw the clod thrown over his disfigured face; he turned from the sight, and took the direction to seek his own regiment: he found them in a field near the road, where they had been desired to bivouac for the night.

In the morning very early he took the road to return to the city of Vitoria, which

they had left far in their rear without passing through it, and he overtook a Spanish officer, who was eagerly listening to the account which a British officer of hussars was giving him of the events of the preceding day. In a moment of such exultation and rejoicing, there was no room for feelings of ceremony, and Felix rode up and joined them, that he might partake of the information which he was giving.

The British officer continued his narrative: "We came most unexpectedly round the town upon them, and having chased the squadrons of French dragoons before us as far as the road, they were brought up by it as well as ourselves. It was completely choked up with military carriages of different kinds, and there were several travelling carriages endeavouring to get along through all the obstacles which surrounded them. Two of these carriages were gayer than the rest, and we supposed them to be the King's, I mean Joseph's. We were not mistaken. A serjeant of our re-

giment, a very gallant fellow, rode forward a little and fired a pistol into the royal carriage, which did not kill poor Pepe, but frightened him so that it made him get out and take to a horse: with a few attendants, he took refuge in the rear of the cavalry that were before us, and off he set across the country to avoid the incumbrances of the road. We renewed our charge, and the fellows who had felt us before never waited for us this time; but "threes about" was the word, and away they went after the King. I rather suspect that that new king of yours, gentlemen, is no very good horseman, for the dragoons came up with him amazingly fast, and we after them, until they came to a little ditch, over which Pepe endeavoured to leap, but down he came, horse and all into it. The dragoons who were close behind him could not pull up in time, and over they all went, over the ditch and King and all. But they did not let us come up with him, for they rallied and re-formed on the other side, and made a

very good front to us, which gave him time to get away, while we, who were, as might be expected, a little extended, halted and formed our squadron also. We had very far outrun our support, which the French perceiving, they came upon us manfully. The Colonel thought it prudent to fall back upon the support, and consequently we lost sight of Master Pepe. (41)

"Oh, if you had but taken him!" said the Spanish officer.

"We have taken his carriage," said the Englishman, "and a great many more which you will see on the road as we go along."

As they approached the town, the road presented a most extraordinary sight—an apparently incalculable number of waggons, carriages, ammunition carts, and vehicles of all descriptions, most of which had been broken open, and their less valuable contents were strewed in every direction: papers, maps, clothes, &c. completely covered the road. To give an idea of the

immense quantity of wealth, and of the value and extent of the baggage, of this annihilated army, it must be remembered, that it consisted of the farewell plunder of the whole of Spain. From the King and his court to the lowest soldier in the army, all generally, and each individually, had omitted no possible opportunity of extorting, robbing, and plundering in every city, town, village, and solitary house in their routes; and not a general in the army, not a colonel of a regiment, and scarcely a captain of a company, was unprovided with a baggage-waggon, cart, or other vehicle, heavily laden with the golden produce of their Satanic campaign. All this pillage, of all the armies of France, of the army of the South, of the Centre, of the North, and of Portugal—for they still shamelessly retained their names—was combined at Vitoria; and all this, with the exception of a single convoy which had set off for France with an escort of some thousands of men, only a few days before, became the spoils of the

vanquishers. The men into whose hands the victory first fell, forced open the greater part of these reservoirs of riches, and many were equally astonished and delighted to find whole waggons laden with bags of doubloons—others with dollars, and others with the sacrilegious booty of ransacked churches and defiled altars. Other soldiers, who happened to seize the luggage of the court, drew forth the richly embroidered dresses, and divided amongst them the magnificent wardrobe of the officers of the court and the King himself: and some, dressing themselves in the gay trappings which had fallen to their share, danced about in the enthusiastic joy inspired by their conquest and its consequences.

As Felix and the companions which he had joined proceeded with difficulty on the road, they found many of these baggage waggons, which, from the vast number that had offered themselves for plunder, had escaped the general ransack in the first confusion of victory, and remained yet unspoiled, and

bursting with their golden burthens. Over some of these sentries had been placed by careful officers, to guard, if possible, a remnant of the prize for proper distribution: but Felix's attention was attracted by a long baggage-waggon, standing a little on one side of the road, on which was written in large characters, "*Le General de Division Villate.*"

"Ah ha!" said Alvarez; "there's my old acquaintance General Villate again. He commanded the troops before Cadiz for a long time, and I had very frequent opportunities of making my name known to him then. Afterwards, poor fellow, I was one of those who roused him out of his bed one fine morning a little earlier than usual, at Seville, and obliged him to scamper off in dishabille, leaving his coat behind him,* and now here I find his name again."

As he spoke a crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, who had that moment disco-

* See Note 11.

vered that the waggon was both unplundered and unguarded, mounted upon its wheels and shafts, and falling to with all their might, with the help of iron crows and butts of muskets, soon forced the staples out of four large padlocks by which it was secured. It opened like a box, and the cover was immediately lifted with a shout of success from the enraptured soldiers, to whom it displayed an immense quantity of church plate, a box about two feet square strongly bound with iron, two large books, and some rolls of paper.

The greater part of the soldiers seized indiscriminately pieces of the church plate, while about half a dozen laying hold of the strong box, carried it from the road through a field of high standing corn to a little hovel at some distance, which, however, cost them a considerable deal of labour and trouble, from its weight. One man hastily seized the two large books and the rolls of paper, and followed those who had secured the box. Alvarez took the same road, and

arrived at the hovel with the fortunate plunderers.

The men were put to their wit's ends to discover a means of breaking open the box, the cramps of iron round it were so many and so strong: at length, however, they devised a plan which was rewarded with success. Three men lifted up an immense stone as high as they could support it, and then let it fall upon the lid of the chest, and by repeating this operation they at last discovered the contents. A small part was partitioned off and contained papers and letters: the rest was completely filled with different pieces of gold money, not in sacks, but in bulk.

Avarice had never formed any part of the character of Alvarez, and it was not awakened in his breast by the sight of this huge heap of gold. He felt a little ashamed of the idea that he might be called a plunderer, and particularly as it was in such society that he might be found plundering; besides, he knew that it was not the intention

of the chiefs of the armies that the fruits of the victory should be indiscriminately pillaged. He turned, therefore, to the Spanish soldier who had taken and still retained the books and papers, and said to him,

"My friend—I am entitled to a share of that money, as being present here now, and as having fought for it as well as the others, but I will give up my portion to you if you will give me these books and papers."

The man could hardly believe his senses; but he nevertheless hastened to accept the proposal, lest it should be retracted, and he willingly surrendered the booty which he considered as of no value, and which he had taken only because he would take something, and the crowd prevented him from seizing on any of the more desirable articles of plate which were not within his reach. Felix was very well contented with his prize, for he saw that the papers were manuscript maps, and he conceived that the books, from their size, might be the same:

he therefore placed them before him on his horse, although he found them a little inconvenient, and, so loaded, he proceeded to Vitoria.

In the streets of Vitoria he was fortunate enough to meet an officer of his regiment with two soldiers, to whom he gave charge of his newly-acquired trophies, not however until he had gone into a posada to examine of what they consisted. The roll of paper was a very extensive and well-executed plan of Cadiz, minutely showing all the works of the siege, and all the defences of the besiegers; and the books contained a very comprehensive journal of the march of General Villate's division through the whole of Spain, as well as of the daily operations of the siege of Cadiz, in which it was employed, illustrated by numerous plans and sketches done in a very masterly style. Felix was much more pleased at the possession of these documents than he could have been by the money which he gave up for them, tainted as his good fortune must

have been by the fear of having acted improperly; and he could not but be delighted at the coincidence of his being the person into whose hands these records had fallen.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The French at Salvatierra—The Pass of San Adrian—Entry into Tolosa—A French Inn plundered—A Guerilla Action with a Body of French.

HAVING conversed with the Spanish General at Vitoria, and received from him his orders to remain with the left column of the allied army, Alvarez set forth to overtake his regiment. The army had marched onward in pursuit, and it was late in the evening when he overtook it at Alaiza, a little ruined village where they were halted for the night. In passing through the large town of Salvatierra, at the distance of three leagues from Vitoria, he stopped to refresh himself, and entered into conversation with a man from whom he had received a draught of water.

"The Virgin be with you, Señor," said he; "may you overtake those mischievous devils upon earth, and send them all to their original flames."

"They are mischievous enough, God knows," replied Felix; "but I should think, from the panic they were in, that they had not time to do you much mischief last night."

"Not time, Señor! Lord bless you, why a French soldier would find time to do mischief when he was receiving extreme unction." Here he related fresh horrors.

Felix could hardly believe that in the disorder, fright, and confusion, in which they were, and with the arm of retribution actually suspended over them, there should be found human beings who could give an unbridled course to their brutal passions; but he staid not to ascertain the fact; he had seen enough to know that if such a thing were possible at all, it was possible to the soldiers of France.

The column commanded by Sir Thomas

Graham now struck off to the left, to endeavour, by passing over the immense chain of mountains which commence on the borders of the province of Guipuzcoa, to overtake and cut off the convoy of General Foix, which has been already mentioned as having left Vitoria two days before the battle. When they commenced their march for this purpose, and began to ascend the range of hills, the clouds had completely covered the vault of heaven, and the rain descended in one settled and general torrent. In spite, however, of the dreariness of the scene, there was something pleasingly imposing in the frowning buttresses of earth that, rising one above the other, formed gigantic steps which ascended to the general mist above. As they passed midway around the vast Montaña de Araz, which, when seen at a distance gives to the mountains that surround it the appearance of simple undulations of earth, they were insensible of the grandeur of this monarch of the Sierra, whose head was enveloped

in the thick clouds which rested upon it and surrounded it; and as their difficult and uneven road continued its inclination upwards, they themselves began to enter into that thicker atmosphere whose perceptible density prevented each from discerning any object at the distance of a few yards from him.

Still they continued to ascend until they seemed to have passed through the first lair of clouds, for the prospect became a little more extended, the vapour a little less thick than that from which they were emerging, although that which was still above them, and in some measure surrounded them, effectually excluded them from the glories of the sun, and continued to shower down upon them the fulness of its waters. When they had arrived at this comparatively thinner atmosphere, the road, a tract-way hardly deserving the dignity of that name, and which had meandered up along the junction of two enormous hills, whose almost perpendicular steepness gave

them the appearance of vast confining walls, suddenly appeared to end in a little circular spot, where the two perpendicular walls curved round and met, forming a perfect *cul de sac*, which seemed to admit of no escape but by retreat.

A halt was ordered on this spot; and during its continuance every one indulged his fancy in speculations on the route which was next to be pursued, and on the punishment which ought to be inflicted on the guide who had brought them into this dilemma. But when the head of the column moved on, it appeared, to the astonishment of those behind, to march directly against the mountain, in which there was no opening to admit it. Felix then recollected to have heard of the extraordinary pass of San Adrian, and doubted not that they were arrived at it. It is a small passage worked by the hand of nature through the solid rock, extending for about a hundred yards, through which the mountain road is directed: and it was by this pass

that the column now began to file. (42) Although sufficiently high to admit a man easily, it is not lofty enough for horsemen to pass; the cavalry consequently dismounted, and led their horses through the dark defile. The effect produced by the surrounding scenery of this little spot, and the gloomy state of the atmosphere, was most impressive; and this was heightened by the romantic scene which the passage of the troops afforded as they wound along the road which led to the opening, and were suddenly lost at the little chasm in the huge rock which seemed to swallow them.

Having passed through this natural tunnel, the traveller is no longer in Alava, but enters the province of Guipuzcoa; and the road winds along the side of a steep mountain, having on one side its perpendicular ascent, and on the other an almost equally steep precipice, the dizzy depth of which is, however, rendered less dangerous by the large trees and underwood which

clothe it. At the mouth of the pass or rather cavern on the Guipuzcoa side, there is a little edifice on either side of the road; one being a small chapel resorted to by the faithful as a graver penance, and the other a venta, where they or the few travellers who pass that road find refreshment. Both are picturesque objects, but the chapel in particular attracts the attention, being built a considerable height above the road, and appearing to be almost hewn out of the rock, hanging over the entrance into the passage. The road now began gradually to descend; and winding along the course of the river Oria, which rises within a short distance from the pass of San Adrian, it brought the column again from among the burthened clouds, and, with the setting of the sun, they closed their long and fatiguing march, at the considerable town of Cegama.

Early in the morning they resumed their march, with high hopes that the advance of

the preceding day might enable them to reach the great road before the French convoy should have passed it. The road was now not only more practicable, but tolerably good, and the weather had assumed a more pleasing aspect; it rained but seldom, and in small showers, while the broken clouds occasionally admitted the rays of the cheering sun. They passed rapidly through the large town of Segura, and were not long in reaching the village of Lascano, between which and Villafranca the road they were pursuing joined that on which the object of their pursuit was marching. But, alas! they were only in time to behold the rear-guard of the convoy cross the junction of the two roads as they advanced. It was, indeed, too late, for the high road was one of perfect security, continuing exactly along the course of the river Oria, and flanked on both sides by the high hills of which the whole face of the mountainous province of Guipuzcoa is

composed; so that it was quite impossible to annoy an enemy who had already passed the defile which it formed.

The advance of the column commenced a sharp skirmish with the rear of the flying convoy, and drove them through the town of Villafranca, and along the road in triumph, and they continued their incessant firing the whole day, pressing their forced march. At length they arrived at the lovely valley of Tolosa, one of the most picturesque spots in Biscay, which, from the judicious mixture of the sublime and beautiful, the soft and the imposing, would seem on canvass rather the combination of a skilful artist's fancy, than the faithful representation of a spot in nature. The view, which had been for some time confined to the narrow breadth of the river and the road, now opened suddenly upon a beautiful and highly cultivated valley, to which the light green of the tall Indian corn gave a singularly smiling appearance, and the sides of the valley met again some distance further

on, at the very point where stood the handsome and large town of Tolosa, which was but half seen, while the rest of its houses were hid by the turning of the road beyond, and the apparent closing of the valley; while on the right the immense hills divided and admitted a great extent of country and range of mountains, along which ran the high road to Pamplona, and which afforded a most extraordinary and smiling appearance to the traveller, being cultivated to their very summits, producing Indian corn in every part where the original rock was covered with a spot of soil, and cut for this purpose into shelves wherever the steepness of the ascent rendered it impossible for the labourer to attain.

But Alvarez had no time to give way to his feelings at the contemplation of this beautiful scene; the enemy was before him, and his mind anxious in the pursuit: the sun was fast declining, and had already sunk behind the hills, and thrown the valley into shade, if not into darkness, when they

arrived at the wooden gates of the town. These offered no opposition to a single cannon ball which was sent to open them, from a piece of field artillery brought for that purpose, and the victorious pursuers rushed into the principal street, while the pursued, panic-struck, were but half through it. The presence of their enemies, however, did not prevent the inhabitants from giving way to their joy at the sight of their friends. People were at all the doors offering wine to the soldiers as they passed, and putting up prayers for their success; and as the rear of the French column filed through the street, every window became illuminated with a profusion of lights, for it was now quite dark, so that the victorious soldiers were cheered by a blaze of joy which lighted them on their road of conquest and of glory. (43)

Having driven the enemy quite through the town, the soldiers were recalled; and Felix, who had been amongst the foremost of the pursuers, turned his horse to repass

it. The inhabitants were still profuse in their expressions of joy, and in their distribution of refreshments to the returning soldiers. Alvarez, who was both thirsty and fatigued, went up to a man who was dealing out wine to all who came to seek it, and asked him for a draught. "Oh, Señor," said the man, "this is not wine such as you ought to have; go into that house opposite, which is open there, and you will find refreshments of a superior kind. It was the French inn, Señor, kept by a Frenchman who ran away not a quarter of an hour ago with all his family."

Felix took the man's advice; and giving his horse to some soldiers of his regiment who were with him, he went into the French inn: he found it crowded with people, who were all ransacking every part of the house: some had got into the cellar, and were loading themselves with comforts for the camp, and others were looking through every room in search of articles which might be portable. Alvarez joined

a couple of English officers who had got into the larder, where they were drinking some very fine claret and frontignac; and, after having satisfied his thirst, he and they loaded themselves with some luxuries for the table, which they had long been disused to, and proceeded with their booty to the camp, which was a little in the rear of Tolosa.

But Alvarez did not remain in the camp; for he heard with delight, upon his arrival, that there was a body of a thousand French upon its march from Pamplona to join the convoy at Tolosa, and which, if they had not received the intelligence of its being overtaken, and turned back in consequence, might yet perhaps be cut off. It was with the greatest joy that Felix obtained permission to take his regiment in search of this body; and having procured the proper guides, he set out about midnight upon his expedition.

He marched all night, and at day-light one of his guides whom he had dispatched

considerably in advance, returned to inform him that the band he was in search of were encamped in the valley of Lecumberri a fertile spot about a league before him. Alvarez now began to prepare to receive them: and as the day-light increased, he devised a plan which, by the assistance of the guides, he was enabled to put into execution.

The road from Tolosa to Pamplona, as far as Lecumberri, is a most extraordinary example of human art and labour. It is a fine, hard, military road, carried for a considerable distance along the course of the little river Lizarza, which takes its rise near Lecumberri, and runs with no perceptible descent until it falls into the Oria at Tolosa; its way is through gigantic mountains, which in many parts seem to have been split asunder only to admit its course: so perpendicular are their sides, so close are their summits to each other; and in those parts where this is not so strikingly the case, the ascent of the mountains on either

side is so rapid as to be almost inaccessible. Felix divided his regiment into two parties, and both, by the assistance of the guides, were enabled to ascend the craggy hills on the sides of the road to a considerable height above it, by mountain paths, and by scrambling over points where human foot had never ventured before. By this means the whole of the men became ambushed perfectly out of sight, at a vast height above the road, and so immediately over it, that they completely commanded it. Having thus disposed of his little force, Alvarez waited patiently for the arrival of the victims whom he hoped to immolate. All were desired to remain perfectly quiet until Felix should give the signal for destruction, and they waited not long for the welcome sound. The sun ascended, and the French column was put in motion. They commenced their march anticipating a speedy arrival at Tolosa and union with their comrades: it was doomed that none should arrive at Tolosa, but that many should join their comrades

who had there paid the forfeit of their crimes. They left the rich vale of Lecumberri, and boldly entered upon the road or rather long defile, whose overhanging walls supported the instruments of the vengeance of Heaven. Marching on, they arrived at the part where Felix was posted with his irregularly extended line of patriots on either side of the road. He waited until they had quite entered the toils, and then he gave the anxiously-expected word. "VENGANZA!" he exclaimed. "VENGANZA" ran from mouth to mouth—it was echoed by the hills: it was executed by the patriots, who, at the word, commenced a real *feu de joie* down upon the heads of the French; whilst others, who had been labouring to loosen large masses of the rock, gave them the last push, and sent them upon the heads of their victims, at once to overwhelm them and impede their progress. (44)

Had it rained fire from the heavens upon these bewildered and panic-struck Frenchmen, the effect could not have been more

terror-striking. They were so astonished at this sudden and commanding attack, that scarce a Frenchman attempted to raise his musket in reply to the volleys that poured down from above; and the bullets of the few that did, were impotently lost in the brushwood which screened and protected their hidden enemies. The only thought was of flight, and many a foot was arrested as it was raised to fly, never to move again: many a life was poured out into the silver stream of the Lizarza, giving it the tint of the ruby to the delighted eyes of *Los Vengadores*, as they caught the bright beams of the sun which played upon it. So secure were the destroyers, that as their aim was marred by no nervous feel of danger, almost every shot did its appointed duty. After the remnant of this almost annihilated body of men had run the gauntlet of Spanish vengeance, they were met by a peasant who informed them of the French having been driven from Tolosa; and in despair they struck off the great

road by a mountain-path to the right, in the hopes of its enabling them to overtake their friends, and escape the twofold danger which threatened them from before and from behind.

Alvarez, after leading his men along the ridges of the mountains for a considerable way, until, from the difficulty of their progress, and the unrestrained rapidity of their enemies, they could no longer keep up with the few stragglers who had escaped the massacre, as it may almost be called, collected them upon the road, and commenced his march upon Tolosa. The soldiers set forward on their return with shouts of *Viva la Patria! Viva El Vengador! Meuran los Franceses!* and only gave up the tumultuous expression of their joy to join with heart and voice in singing their favorite and inspiring song, *España de la Guerra.*

## CHAP. XXX.

The French driven over the Bidasoa—Felix's Homage to the Defender of Cadiz—San Sebastian—Passages—Bascuence—The Manner in which the French first became possessed of San Sebastian and Pamplona—Common People in Guipuzcoa—A Storm.

WHEN Alvarez reached Tolosa he found that the column had advanced, still in pursuit of the harassed French. He remained there, however, for the night; but it was not long before he overtook the pursuing army. He was in time to assist in the work of driving the rear of the convoy over the Bidasoa, in doing which the British guns kept up a destructive fire, as the enemy's men filed over the wooden bridge which separates France from Spain, and

which the French succeeded in burning to the water's edge, thus preventing all further progress of the victorious column

This was a memorable era in the campaign; the ravagers of Spain no longer polluted its soil. They had been driven from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay, from the Atlantic to the Pyrenees. Spain might now rear her head; her chains were broken; she was free! Felix's heart swelled with delight as these thoughts passed in his mind, while he looked upon the mountains on the opposite side of the river and said to himself, "It is France!" and then back upon the road on which he stood, and said, "This is Spain, no longer covered with the myriads who have glutted themselves with Spanish blood and Spanish treasure!" As he turned with his regiment to take up their allotted quarters, he looked with a new sensation of delight upon the soft green of the Indian corn, and upon the tent-shaped apple-trees that, decked in their rich and gay

garbs of blossom, gave the most beautiful appearance to the steep and falling fields of this country of cultivated precipices: he felt that the bright promise which they gave would bless the hardy offspring of the soil, and not become the prey of the wolf of France.

Alvarez with his patriots was ordered to take up his quarters in the handsome town of Usurbil, a small but well-built collection of houses situated in a rich and beautiful valley, through which the river Oria directs its course, and about four miles from the sea shore and from the city of San Sebastian, where a large body of the French were shut up by the presence of the allied army. The inhabitants of Usurbil received the new inmates into their houses with hospitality. This town had been resorted to by a considerable number of fugitive families from San Sebastian, who had left their homes in the city to the mercy of the exasperated garrison, rather than suffer the horrors of a

siege: the principal house in the town belonged to a noble and rich family of San Sebastian, to whom it served as a country residence, and resort of pleasure in the times of peace and happiness; it was now inhabited by every branch of the family, and by some intimate friends, to whom they had afforded an asylum when the general emigration took place from San Sebastian, in the first moment of the alarm excited by the news that the town was to be defended by the garrison. This house was the appointed quarter of Felix, and the Señora de Irrizari afforded the best accommodations to him and Ismena which the crowded state of her hospitable roof would admit.

Established in his quarters, one of his first occupations was the closer examination of the books and papers which had fallen into his hands at Vitoria. The more he examined them, the more he was struck with the singularity of the coincidence which brought them into the

hands of a person who was so conversant with the subject of them. "These trophies are not for me," said he to himself; "they would be invaluable as an authentic addition to the military records of the siege, to the chiefs who had defended the town of Cadiz. Who were those chiefs?" The name of Sir Thomas Graham could not fail of recurring to his mind in the most prominent point of view. It was he who had commanded the British troops during the first and the greater part of the period of the siege: it was he with whose army he had first commenced his military career: it was at Barrosa, with which word the name of Graham is so gloriously and so inseparably linked, that he had first dyed his sword with Gallic blood: and when he recollected the passage of the lake of La Janda, and many other individual traits of that General, his admiration and reverence for his character was heightened to an enthusiastic degree. "It is to him," thought Felix, "that these

records will be interesting, and it is he who ought to be the possessor of these spoils." He immediately determined to send them to him, and to take the opportunity of testifying his respect for his character, his pride at having first set out on the road of arms under his directions, and his happiness at being again under his orders. He lost no time in putting this determination into execution, and felt more delight at the pleasure which this expression of his feelings afforded him, than if he had filled his pockets with General Villate's doubloons.

His life at Usurbil was a life of comparative idleness. Lord Wellington was pursuing his success to the summits of the Pyrenees, and had left Don Carlos de España with the Spanish army blockading the town of Pamplona, while the column to which Alvarez was attached was preparing for the siege of San Sebastian. He took this opportunity of making himself acquainted with this most picturesque and

interesting country His daily rides with Ismena carried them into almost every part of it, within a considerable distance. San Sebastian was one of the spots to which they paid an early visit. Its situation struck them as peculiarly beautiful. It is built on a small isthmus which connects an immense high hill to the Continent; upon the top of this high hill stands the citadel, while the town, which was regular and well built, consisting of high white houses, occupied the whole of the tongue of land formed by the river Urumea on one side, and a beautiful but small circular bay on the other, in the middle of which, about half way between the hill on which stands the citadel, and the hills which close the bay on the other side of the circle, stands a rocky little island called Santa Clara, the singularity of the appearance of which adds considerably to the beauty of the view.

Alvarez and Ismena, after admiring this

beautiful situation from the commanding height, of a hill descended to the very shore of the bay, to look at it in another point of view: they remained there for a considerable time, lost in the admiration which it excited, until their appearance attracted the notice of the French, who, not having then more important objects for the aim of their cannon, began to amuse themselves with making them their mark. The first shot that came, fell short into the bay, and Felix, who did not conceive it could be intended for them, was looking about to ascertain the probable object at which it had been directed, when he was surprised to find another fall within a few yards of them. He then began to be alarmed for the safety of Ismena, and hurried her away with all possible speed.

From San Sebastian they directed their course along the coast to Passages, where a larger and more singular bay than that which they had just quitted, offered itself

to their view. As this bay is approached, it has the appearance of a handsome lake, surrounded on all sides by bold hills and rocky precipices; as there seems to be no outlet, the panorama being closed by these natural walls, the large ships at anchor in the bay must excite surprise, and it is only from the town that the entrance is discovered. It is a narrow passage almost straight through perpendicular rocks of a great height; and it is at the interior mouth of this passage, on the shelvy sides of the rocks, as they descend to the bay, that the town is built in two equal portions on the two sides of the entrance. The houses are crowded together, and built one above the other in different tiers, but they give a picturesque effect to the bay, and form an object of curiosity as well as interest. Alvarez and Ismena endeavoured to reach the town; but it is a singular thing, that it is not accessible by any regular carriage-road. There is a track from both the right and the left

town, going over the mountains round the bay, but these are both difficult and dangerous, from their situation, and the neglected state in which they are left. When the tide is low, a great part of the bay is left dry, and the beauty of it is spoiled by the unpleasant sight of a quantity of mud which remains exposed: on the sides, however, it is hard beach, and it is along this beach that the town is approached: but as the tide, when high, washes the mountain's very base all round, this usual way is no longer practicable, and the traveller must either go by those difficult tracts, or follow a dangerous footpath along the edge of a precipice. As the tide was high, Felix and Ismena declined taking either of these alternatives, and returned to Usurbil quite satisfied with what they had seen.

In the family of the Irrisaris, Alvarez and Ismena found a very agreeable society. The girls were amiable and lively, and took a great deal of pains to endeavour to

make them both understand something of the extraordinary language of Biscay, which has no analogy whatever with the Castillian. They amused themselves by attending to these lessons, but it was a most unprofitable amusement, for they made very little progress in the language; and indeed they were not stimulated by any hopes of success; for the Biscayans have a proverb that the devil lived seven years in Biscay, and then left the country because he could not make himself understood; and Alvarez and Ismena thought they had no chance if so able a professor had failed. (45)

After making many attempts to adapt phrases, which she had taken a great deal of trouble to learn, Ismena was at last obliged to limit all her knowledge of Bascuence, to learning the words of some of the provincial songs, with the wildness and beauty of which she was particularly struck. Her kind friends enriched her memory with a large stock of these, and

taught her to pronounce and to translate the words of them, and consoled her for her inability to profit by their lessons in grammar, by assuring her that she pronounced the country songs with the true Bascuence accent. With one of these songs she was peculiarly delighted; and she used to sing it very frequently in her walks and rides with Felix. (46)

Sweet is the beam of the morning
 That chases the shadows of night,
Giving to darkness the warning
 That tells of the coming of light;
Oh! but sweeter far is Julia's smile,
 That gently is warring with sadness,
When sorrow that lurk'd on her cheek awhile,
 Flies from the dimples of gladness.

Bright is the goblet that flowing
 Purples the rays of the sun,
Sweetly the beams round it glowing
 Concentrate themselves into one;
Oh! but brighter far is Julia's eye,
 Its hue is more brilliantly fair,
And as the rays to the goblet fly,
 Every heart centres there.

But in the society of the family at Usurbil, the conversation was not always of the same, nature; here too, as every where else, Alvarez was obliged to listen to histories of horrors, and tales of misery, for here too the French army had been. Amongst the many incidents characteristic of the armies of France that he was informed of by the Irrisaris, the account of the manner in which the French first became masters of the fortifications and citadel of San Sebastian afforded the most striking exemplification of the principle of warfare upon which they acted. The General commanding a column of the French, quartered near Tolosa, applied for and received permission from the Spanish commander of the garrison of San Sebastian to send the sick of his army, which he represented as being numerous, into that town, for the benefit of commodious hospitals and sea air. In consequence of this permission, upwards of two thousand men were admitted into the town, and lodged

in the hospitals. They came in waggons, and vehicles of various kinds, with bandages applied to different parts of their bodies; some with their heads wrapped up, others with their arms supported by slings, and all having the appearance of sickness and debility. The Spanish authorities offered every accommodation to the sick allies, in which character the French then appeared to stand towards Spain, and were forward in lending assistance to every plan for their relief and comfort. They had not been many days in the town before the chief surgeon reported to the Governor of the town, that he had about five hundred cases of extreme debility which might receive considerable benefit from the higher and purer air of the citadel, requesting to know whether they might be placed there for this purpose. The unsuspecting Governor readily consented to a proposal so evidently founded in reason and humanity; hoping that the poor men might profit by the arrangement, he ordered a

temporary hospital to be prepared for them in the citadel, to which they were shortly removed. Thus far the success of the French had kept pace with the infamy and treachery of their plot; disguise was no longer necessary, and one morning before day-light these poor debilitated dying men issued from the hospitals where the generosity and humanity of their victims had placed them, and found very little difficulty in taking possession of every part of the fortifications of the town as well as the citadel, before the astonished and bewildered garrison were aware of their intentions, or prepared to receive them as enemies. When morning dawned, the inhabitants found themselves under the guard of their perfidious allies, whom, in spite of the circumstances that had been passing in the capital, they had not yet looked upon but as friends:—how soon and how dreadfully they were awakened from their error, may be easily imagined, when it is recollected that the men who

had thus in defiance of every law, human, and divine, made themselves masters of San Sebastian, were part of the same army that had committed the horrors which have been recorded in some of the foregoing pages. (47)

A more important post had at the same time been entrapped into the hands of these lawless ravagers. Pamplona had been lost to the Spaniards by a stratagem in some degree similar: the French troops stationed in the villages around it were allowed to come to receive the rations of provisions and forage which were supplied by the duped Spaniards out of the magazines of the city; to take away these supplies a considerable number of men was necessary, and by degrees the numbers were increased, until one day this large foraging party, in entering the town, appeared to amuse themselves by throwing snowballs at each other upon the glacis; from the glacis the game gradually grew warm and extended into the town; other of their comrades, in ap-

parent confusion, joined them as if to share their sport, and upon these others, some of whom brought their arms; but this circumstance was unattended to in the amusement excited by the now general sham battle of snow balls. By this means a large body of men was introduced into the town, sufficient to seize upon the guards at the gates, and ensure a free entrance to the whole army, which rapidly advanced to complete this treacherous conquest.

To this trait of the spirit by which the chiefs of the French army were actuated, were added innumerable instances of individual character in their officers and soldiers, by the communicative family who seemed to be never tired of recounting the misfortunes of their country and their countrymen. Alvarez and Ismena frequently endeavoured to avoid the afflicting repetition of distressing tales, by devoting the greater part of the day to long rides amongst the mountains. In one of these excursions they had gone a considerable way, and were

thinking of returning, when they came to a small farm-house, at the door of which was sitting one of the stout, thickset, but healthy and fresh looking women of the country, spinning and singing one of those simple and sweet little songs which Ismena had learnt from the Irrisaris. They attempted to speak to her, but could not by any possibility make themselves understood. The girl, after endeavouring in vain both to understand and to be understood, resumed her occupation and her song. (48)

Love is a little runaway
That makes each heart his home,
And when he's had his fun, away
He flies elsewhere to roam.
The mansion where his tricks he's play'd
Must soon to ruins fall;
By love left uninhabited
'Tis nothing worth at all.

If he should take possession
Maitia* of thy bosom,
Trust not each fair profession,
But chain him or you lose him.

* *Maitia* in Bascuence means my Love.

Let prudence bar the window,
And modesty the door;
Inconstancy to hinder,
'Tis best to make things sure.

After listening with pleasure whilst she sung several more verses, they at length interrupted her to endeavour to obtain a draught of cider, the common drink of the country, of which they were in great need. As no Spanish word would give her any idea whatever, they were obliged to have recourse to signs, upon which she readily invited them in, and went to draw some fresh cider from the cask, which she speedily produced, together with a slice from a round loaf about six feet in circumference, and a foot thick. (49) It was yellow clammy bread made of Indian corn, and covered on the outside with bay-leaves. When the girl first presented this bread to Ismena, it had a very tempting appearance, like light yellow cake; but upon tasting it, the unflavoured sweetness and doughy consistency of it completely disgusted her.

The cider however was very good, and refreshed her.

They had extended their ride a great deal too far, and they were only just now returning to Usurbil as the sun was setting: as he was setting in clouds which portended the very reverse of an agreeable ride home, the Bascuence girl pointed out the blackness of the heavens, and endeavoured to explain that Ismena had better remain there than attempt to go on with such a prospect, by taking her to a bed in a recess of the only room of which the farm-house consisted, and pointed to it, to inform her that it should be for her. Ismena conceived that it was a bed that was not in use, for it consisted only of a thick mattress with a thinner one over it, and a pillow at the head; but Alvarez rectified her mistake, by informing her that the people of the country always slept between two mattresses without any other covering. Ismena smiled at this custom, but declined the offer, and they set out on their return.

They had not proceeded far before it became quite dark; and had Alvarez not been very well acquainted with the country, they would in all probability have lost their way, and wandered about all night; but he had well observed the road they had come, and was able to follow it in returning in spite of the night. As they passed over a very elevated height, which commanded a view of San Sebastian, they were struck with the brilliant and singular effect produced by a treble row of flambeaux, with which the citadel was surmounted, and which, being relieved by the darkness of the night, emitted an extraordinary light. They were at first at a loss to account for this singular and beautiful appearance, but they soon recollected that it was the 15th of August, Napoleon's day, and they doubted not that the garrison of San Sebastian was celebrating it by this illumination. (50)

The rain which had long been threatening, began to fall only as, after descending from the hills, they entered upon a narrow

road running along the river Oria, at the commencement of the valley of Usurbil. It wound for some distance round a perpendicular rock, and led to a bridge which was the way to the good valley road; but being hewn out of the solid rock, it was very narrow, and was undefended by any fence along the side of the river, which, being a continuation of the same rock, was as perpendicular as the mountain on the other side: besides these dangers, there was a circumstance that rendered them particularly terrific. The road was nothing but hard stone, appearing like large flakes of rock, in which there were no interstices where a horse could find a hold for his feet, and the rain, which now descended in torrents, gave a glassy slipperiness to these vast stones, which made it almost impossible for a horse to walk without falling. As they commenced this perilous path, the thunder rolled over their heads in awful and repeated peals; and between the intervals of its voice, the violent pattering of the descend-

ing rain mingled with the loud rushing of the broken course of the river, and formed a kind of slighter but unceasing thunder. The vividness of the lightning was the only means by which they could direct their course, for the darkness was so great that they could not distinguish the heads of their horses. In this dreadful situation they continued advancing, Alvarez before, and Ismena following close behind; whilst the constant trippings of their horses proved the difficulty the poor animals had in keeping their feet, and menaced them every moment with precipitation over the perpendicular rocks into the raging river. Too anxious to keep at a distance from the edge of the precipice, Alvarez nearly made his horse's feet slip from under him, by keeping him against the side of the rock, while Ismena resigned herself to her fate, and allowed her horse to follow that of her husband, without any other guidance than the occasional support which he required when he slipped. Having proceeded thus

over a distance which appeared to Alvarez the whole length of the road, he calculated that they must have arrived at the bridge; and after in vain straining his eyes to ascertain the truth of his suggestion, he was convinced that they were come to it, although he could not see it, and consequently he turned his horse's head to go over it. The careful horse refused to obey the impulse which would have sent him forward, and the spurs of his master were applied in vain. Alvarez reconsidered his road, and was the more convinced that something which he thought he saw before him was the bridge; he again urged his horse, which again disobeyed the spur. While he was still endeavouring to make him go on, a violent flash of lightning revealed to him the peril of his situation: he stood upon the very brink of the precipice, with no bridge before him; had the horse obeyed him he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces. The same flash of lightning showed him the bridge a few yards further on, and with

more certainty directed his steps. In a few moments more he had the happiness of finding himself and Ismena rescued from the perilous pass, and safe upon the great road which conducted them without difficulty to their quarters at Usurbil. (51)

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Assault of San Sebastian—Dangerous Experiment of the British Artillery—Wanton Cruelty of the Besieged—Courage of the Defenders—The Town Won—Situation of the Town when taken—Conclusion.

BUT the time was now come when Felix was to be no longer idle. The siege of San Sebastian had been conducted by the British army with extraordinary vigour, and they had made an enormous breach on the side of the town which looked towards the Urumea, that appeared in every respect practicable. The moment of the assault was anticipated with the greatest anxiety; and from every part of the army there were volunteers who pressed to be allowed to engage in this dangerous service. A selection from

these volunteers was allowed to be made by the commanders, that every regiment might take its part in the duty for which all seemed so anxious. Alvarez was determined not to be without his share in the anticipated glory of the day, and he left no means untried to obtain permission to accompany the assaulters: he found it a more difficult thing, from the circumstance of there being no Spaniards employed in the siege; but at length, by application to Sir Thomas Graham, he succeeded in his wishes, and was allowed to join in the dangers of the assault.

It was before mid-day on the 31st of August that the troops marched out of their trenches and ascended the broad breach in the demolished walls of the town. It was a fearful ascent, and the first who arrived at the summit fell, to give their bodies as steps to their comrades who followed. And many were they who thus fell; for, upon gaining the height of the breach, an insurmountable impediment

was discovered to their further progress: an immense chasm had been dug behind it, filled with chevaux de frieze, and every possible instrument of defence. Surprised and disheartened, the British soldiers nevertheless remained immoveable upon the steep ascent of the breach, although exposed to the fire of one of the defences which commanded it, and the musketry of the French upon the ramparts. It became necessary to destroy the curtain which commanded the breach, and which prevented all hopes of any further progress: but the British troops were situated between the batteries and this point, which consequently could not be annoyed but by directing the cannon balls immediately over their heads, and not much above them. Such a dilemma would have intimidated less experienced and less skilful engineers, but the British artillery officers confidently assured the General that they could destroy the curtain without endangering the brave men whose progress it arrested, and they

performed their promise. So skilfully were their shots directed, that although they passed but a few feet over the heads of the assaulters, not a shot but reached the enemy, without doing any injury to those whom it was intended to assist.

While this dangerous and difficult manœuvre was performing, a brigade of Portuguese marched across the river Urumea, to reinforce those who were already on the breach. Fording the river at its very embouchure, these gallant men steadily continued to wade through the water, which reached above their middles, although exposed to a destructive fire of grape-shot from the town, which was well directed, and did great execution; but they continued to persevere, without being thrown into disorder, and with undaunted courage joined their allies upon the breach.

After the march of these brave Portuguese across the river, a circumstance occurred which strongly exemplified the wanton and sanguinary cruelty of the

French. Many were the poor fellows who fell in the ford by the grape-shot, and found in the water the death which their wounds might have failed to produce; but there was one unhappy wretch whose progress had been stopped at the very edge of the river by a shot, which, by breaking his leg, prevented him from moving from the spot where he was wounded. The poor fellow remained for some time in this situation; but when the tide began to ascend, the waters rapidly increased, and he endeavoured in vain to save himself from the certain fate which seemed to await him. Two compassionate sailors, who were stationed in the breaching battery with the heavy naval ordnance which had been disembarked from the ships, were touched with pity at his situation, and humanely went to his assistance. They were without arms, and evidently intended only to remove the unhappy Portuguese from the spot where in a short time he must have been drowned; but, the savage sol-

diers on the ramparts of the town, neither prevented by their unarmed inoffensiveness, nor softened by the humanity of their intention, deliberately made them a mark, and evinced but too much skill in directing their muskets. One of the sailors was struck before he arrived at the unhappy object of their compassion, and he was dragged away by his comrade through a shower of musket balls which fell around them. When the impulses of humanity were despised, and the common laws of war outraged, every one was forced to look out for himself, and therefore the poor Portuguese was drowned without any other effort being made to assist him. (52)

But the balls of the British artillery had now almost destroyed the battery that had been so successful in checking the assaulters. They again roused their hopes and their exertions; but the French fought bravely, and the whole line of the ramparts and defences was crowded with their legions. Their fire was terrific,

and could only have been withstood by such brave spirits as those which were opposed to them. There was but one narrow passage at the end of the breach by which an entrance into the town was practicable; and this was defended by ranks upon ranks of undaunted men, which were filled up as speedily as they were mown down. The French officers saw that if that pass were preserved, no bravery, no courage could surmount the obstacles to the descent in the interior of the breach; and they encouraged their men with the enthusiasm inspired by the magnitude of the stake. One particularly stood upon an elevated part of the ramparts, and with the voice of a Stentor, seemed to pour courage into the breasts of his men. No ball had touched him—he seemed invulnerable amidst the shower of deaths that fell around him. But his hour was rapidly approaching; it had been delayed that it might be more terrible. The skilfully directed balls which the British artillery still continued to pour

upon the exposed rampart, were as successful as they deserved to be, and one at length fell upon an expense magazine of powder at the very corner of the breach, where this officer was inspiring and encouraging the mass of men which defended the passage. The effect was instantaneous and terrific— the whole rampart was blown up, involving in its destruction friends and enemies— besiegers and besieged. The defenders of the passage and their courageous chief were blown into the air or crushed by the masses of falling stone, together with a number of those who were upon the breach in the immediate neighbourhood of the explosion. But, though some of the assaulters were the victims of this blow, it was the decision of the day; it opened the town to their comrades, who failed not to profit by the advantage; and climbing over the ruins which buried many of their fellow-soldiers, they rushed through the undefended avenue into the town.

Although almost every street in the town

was prepared to be defended from small breast-works which had been erected across them, the conquered garrison thought no longer of fighting, but made all possible speed to leave the town and fly to the citadel. Safe in this retreat, the pursuit was given over, and the victorious soldiers scattered all over the city, irritated by the resistance they had met with and the heavy loss they had sustained, and furthermore, impressed with the common idea that the spoils of a town taken by assault were the right of its victorious assailers, began to enter the deserted houses and lay their hands upon what they could find.

Alvarez had been one of those who had pursued the enemy to the very gates of their retreat, and he was now returning through the streets of the town, which presented a most afflicting spectacle. In many parts the mangled bodies of bayoneted soldiers were strewed about; and the flames which had been originally created by the firing upon the city, and those which the

French in retiring had lighted in many of the principal edifices, now burst forth from the houses in many parts of the town. The confusion which prevailed in the street added to the horror of the scene: the soldiers had lost most of their officers, and those who were present had no power or authority over the men, who were every where roaming about in parties, or, singly, entering and plundering the deserted houses which presented themselves. (53)

Alvarez wandered about the town a long time, finding the flames at almost every corner, and anticipating with horror the fate of so beautiful a city as it appeared to be. He entered the Plaza Mayor, a square of excessively handsome stone houses, from the windows of several of which he discerned the destruction which was going on in the inside. While he was lamenting the impossibility of saving the city, he saw a man rush out of one of the houses from the windows of which the flames were issuing: he was pursued in his flight by several

Portuguese soldiers, and overtaken at the corner of the street, near which Felix was standing. The man had a sword in his hand, with which he attempted not to defend himself, but began in a supplicating and crying tone to beg mercy from the exasperated soldiers, who overwhelmed him with all sorts of vilifying epithets. Felix approached; but before he had time to inquire into the cause of the scuffle, his feelings and thoughts were directed into a new channel by recognizing the man who was assailed by the soldiers. It was no other than Luis Mosquera. At sight of him the blood boiled in his veins, and pushing aside the man who stood between him and the object of his vengeance—" Infernal villain!" he exclaimed, " if ever one spark of courage animated your cowardly soul, defend yourself now, or give this sword an uninterrupted passage to your heart."

Mosquera was, indeed, surprised at sight of Felix, and endeavoured to reply to his challenge in a conciliatory manner; but Alvarez answered only by his sword; and

Mosquera, finding himself pushed, roused all the energies of his mind and body to endeavour to sustain a combat with a man whose rage he conceived might blind him and place him in his power. But Felix's impetuosity was guided with skill, and in a very few moments the traitor received the blade of his injured friend in his bosom. Mosquera fell, and covered the pavement with his blood. One of the Portuguese soldiers would have hastened the death that was fast approaching, by running his bayonet into his body, but Alvarez prevented him, and questioned him as to why they were pursuing him.

"We found the fellow in yonder house," said the soldier, "with his drawn sword menacing a woman who was on her knees before him. The moment we came into the room she screamed out to us that he was a traitor and a Frenchman, and begged us to protect her. The rascal ran off, and we followed him to this spot."

Mosquera evinced that he was not yet

dead by uttering several deep groans; and at length opening his eyes, he with some difficulty pronounced a few words.

"Alvarez," said he, "that woman is your sister, Albertina!"

Surprise, horror, indignation, and a multitude of contending emotions, for a moment impeded the animal functions of Felix; but rapidly recovering himself, he darted like lightning towards the house from which he had seen Mosquera rush. The flames were issuing with violence from the upper windows; and as he entered, the staircase was completely blocked up with furniture of all kinds that had been thrown confusedly down. Making his way over every obstacle, he arrived at the first suite of apartments; he ran from room to room, calling repeatedly the name of Albertina, and rapidly glancing into every corner of every room. No voice answered his; nowhere could he discover the object of his search. Regaining the staircase, he began to ascend the second flight of steps; but his progress was impeded by the thickness of the smoke, and

the intense heat which he felt. Despair urged him on, and he continued to ascend in spite of every thing. As he was advancing, his foot struck something that was lying across the stairs, though hidden from his sight by the smoke, and he fell. Exhausted and almost suffocated, he would hardly have made an effort to rise, had not a gleam of hope darted across his mind that this might be the fainting, perhaps the dead body of Albertina. Dreadful as was the thought, it roused him into action. He groped about in the thickening smoke, and was not long in finding the body over which he had fallen. It was, indeed the body of a woman, and he rushed with it from the perilous situation in which he stood, and not without great difficulty reached the open air in the plaza. A glance convinced him that the features of her whom he bore in his arms, however pallid, however impressed with the stamp of death, were those of his dear—his long-lost sister: and she breathed, and it was not long before the fresh air restored her to

her senses; but she opened her eyes only to close them again, for the first object that struck her sight was her brother: it was too much for her weak nature to bear, and she again fainted in his arms.

Alvarez hastened to remove her from the scene of destruction which surrounded them. As he passed by the corner of the street where he had fought with Mosquera, he saw the dead body of that fiend on earth lying extended without motion where it had fallen, for his black spirit had fled. It was with the greatest difficulty that he conveyed the still fainting Albertina through the town, and out at the gates which had now been opened; and having at length arrived at the great road, he placed the burthen which he had hitherto carried in his arms upon a mule, which, with its owner, a poor Spaniard, was waiting to receive some of the plunder from the Portuguese and British soldiers. In this manner he arrived at a large farm-house about a mile from San Sebastian, where Ismena and the Irrisaris had been anxiously wait-

ing to have the most speedy intelligence of the result of the day. The evening had closed in before he reached this spot, and the rain descended in torrents, a circumstance which considerably aided the recovery of Albertina, who, under the tender care of those around her, was soon awakened to life, and to a full sense of the happiness which was in store for her.

It is impossible to describe the joy of Albertina, Alvarez, and Ismena, at their union, for Providence had guarded the honour as well as the life of Albertina through a series of unheard-of trials, and there was no cloud to darken the delight of this happy termination of her misery. She had been carried away from the Quinta de Vistosa, by order of the general officer who had slept there on the fatal night of the burning of Las Casas del Puerto, and who had conceived a passion for her as respectful as it was violent. From this circumstance she was preserved from any other peril than that arising from his importunities, and she had remained in this

situation ever since. Various were the circumstances which favoured her escape from the dangers which surrounded her; and the chances of war at last conducted her to San Sebastian, where she found an enemy from whom she had more to fear than from any she had yet encountered. Mosquera was employed in some lucrative civil situation in San Sebastian, and he soon discovered the sister of his friend and his victim. Urged by the same diabolical spirit which had excited him to plan the destruction of Alvarez, he determined to effect that of his sister, and he left no means untried to forward his purpose. He endeavoured to enflame the passions and excite the jealousy of her hoping lover and the protector of her virtue; but he had little success in this endeavour; and his further intentions were prevented by the assault of the town. He had not prepared for his retreat to the citadel; and when he attempted it, retreat was no longer possible. Even in this situation, the blackness of his heart overbalanced the cowardice of his nature,

and, in waiting the event of the assault with respect to himself, he proceeded to the house where he knew Albertina had remained, and insulted her with the most gross and horrible propositions. He would have carried his insults to greater lengths had he not providentially been interrupted by the arrival of the Portuguese soldiers.

The narrative of Albertina's misfortunes occupied many of the calm hours of retirement which followed the siege of San Sebastian, and served only to heighten the happiness which they all felt in the manner in which they had closed; "for," said Alvarez, "now I may allow myself to think of nothing but happiness. My oath is fulfilled—the ravagers and destroyers of my country are driven beyond its limits, and my dear sister is found."

# NOTES.

## Note (1), p. 2.

The gitanos, or gypseys of Spain, are a most extraordinary people, and have their character more distinctly marked than those of any other country. Although very many of them forsake their wandering life, and settle in towns, they never alter their customs and manner of living, and it is very rare indeed that they marry out of their tribe. One of Cervantes's tales is called La Gitanilla, the little gypsey girl,* and is a well drawn picture of their customs and manners. In it an old gitano gives an account of their mode of life, to a young man who joins their band, and to whom he gives the gitanilla.

## Note (2), p. 5.

I think I have heard that the custom of keeping the *Domingo de la Piñata* is not known at

* See Las Novelas de Cervantes.

Madrid. Its derivation is Genoese; and from the circumstance of a number of the principal commercial houses at Cadiz being originally Genoese, the festival has become universal amongst the inhabitants of that town.

Note (3,) p. 39.

No pen can do justice to this interesting scene, which took place in the Isla de Leon, on the 29th March, 1812. It is most singular that in spite of the jealousies and prejudices which mutually existed in both the armies against each other, and the hasty temper of both the English and Spanish soldiers, the harmony of the feast was not disturbed by one single quarrel or dispute of the slightest nature, even though all were enflamed with wine. The effect that this festival had in softening the prejudices of the two armies towards each other was striking. On the evening of that day, whole lines of soldiers indiscriminately mixed, Spanish and English, twenty and thirty at a time, arm in arm, walked up and down the broad street (Calle Real) of the Isla de Leon, singing together patriotic songs, or in mirthful conversation; and ever after, it was no uncommon thing to see soldiers of both nations walking together in the

street, and seeking each other out, a circumstance which before that time was hardly ever known.

Note (4), p. 44.

The vast powers of the extraordinary mortars here alluded to are well known to every one, particularly since the one presented to the Prince Regent has been placed in St. James's Park. They were cast at the celebrated cannon-foundery at Seville, carried down the Guadalquivir, and from its mouth transported with immense labour to the Napoleon Battery, which was the nearest point to Cadiz, but at a distance of upwards of 6000 yards from it. The shells thrown from these mortars reached over two-thirds of the city.

Note (5), p. 45.

The number of people killed and wounded in and about Cadiz during the four months of bombardment amounted to *fifty-four*.

Note (6), p. 49.

This manner of giving warning of the coming of the shells gave occasion to a circumstance which is worthy of being recorded. The man who was placed in the steeple of the church of

San Francisco to announce the danger as soon as he saw the smoke issuing from the Napoleon Battery, where the mortars were placed, tolled the bell. The shell, of whose approach he gave warning, struck the steeple and took away part of the wall of the small belfry, where he was placed. The man, however, knew that they never fired off one mortar until they had prepared two, and he was so little affected by the danger of his situation, or by the dreadful engine that had passed so near him, and he was so much on the alert, that in less than the space of half a minute, he perceived the fellow shell, and gave his accustomed warning by again tolling the bell, which had escaped uninjured. This brings to mind the well-known anecdote of Charles XII. and his Secretary; and certainly the watchman at San Francisco displayed as much calm and steady courage as the hero of Sweden.

Note (7), p. *55.*

Almost all the principal Spanish guerilla chiefs had appellations, some of which, from their familiar turn, may be rather called nicknames. El Empecinado is one of these. Porlier was called El Marquesito—the little Mar-

quis; another was called El Padrecito—the little priest; and so generally were they designated by these titles, that to the greater number of those who talked about them, their real names were unknown.

Note (8), p. 57.

## MADRID LIBRE.

15 *de Agosto.*—El dia 10 y 11 partió *Pepe* con unos 15 mil hombres, inclusos 3 regimientos de juramentados: cercá de 10 mil prófugos renegadillos, renegaditos, renegados y renegadazos seguian á su soberano. El 12 entraron nuestros redentores. El gozo de estos momentos prodrá sentirse mas no explicarse. El 13 y 14 fue batido el Retiro: á las 12 del dia de este ultimo capitularon los 1700 franceses y 300 jurados de la guarnicion. Se han hallado grandes respuestos de efectos, vestuarios, comestibles y 180 cañones. Ha habido 3 noches de iluminacion y 4 ya de gozo universal. Hoy se ha aumentado la satisfaccion y júbile de este pueblo Español con la solemne y magestuosa fiesta de la publication el 13, y hoy con el juramento á la constitution que entre bombas y granadas ha sido formado en Cadiz por los dignos represen-

tantes de la nacion Españóla. El pueblo de Madrid será siempre el que dé el exemplo de fidelidad, sumicion, obediencia y constancia en favor de la patria. Salen hoy 3 divisions ácia la Mancha. Se presentan desertores y pasados que es una maravilla. Tenemos buenas esperanzas en los *juramentados*, que van por fuerza con Pepe.

*Madrid*, 16.—A la una de la mañana del 12 salieron de Madrid los ultimos Franceses sin causar estrago: á poco tiempo despues entráron los aliados con la 7ª division y 2 brigadas de cavalleria: tambien lo hicieron *los empecinados*. La alegria, vivas y miles de aplausos con besos y abrazos que fueron bien recebidos mutualmente no pueden compararse, ni hay pluma que pueda explicarlo. El Lord está alojado en palacio, en la habitacion del infante Don Antonio que se le escogió por no estar aun infestada de vapores vandales: Don Carlos España, en casa del Marques de Santiago: el Empecinado en casa del Señor Duque del Infantado, y á los demas á porfia se los llevaban á sus casas los habitantes. Las Manolas y Manolos con sus panderos fueron á arrancar los arbolitos de la alameda que Pepe hizo en la puerta de San Vicente, y con ellos hicieron enramadas para recebir al Lord: hicie-

ron locuras que no son faciles de describir con sus vivos coloridos. Tres dias de iluminacion, colgadas todas las calles, locos todos sin saber quando volveran á sano juico: los aliados estan admirados al ver estos extremos de gozo y reconocimiento.

Pepino marchó con toda su farsa por el camino de Aranjuez y Toledo, en cuyos alrededores andan errantes por seguirlos los aliados; ya se asegura que capitularon los de Toledo. La guarnicion del Retiro de 1800 hombres capituló: los mil partieron ácia Arabaca; 800 juramentados quedan á disposicion del gobierno, del que se espera tome prontas disposiciones. En el Retiro se encontráron 2 aquiluchos, 180 cañones 20 mil fusiles, 15,000 vestuarios, muchas municiones, centenares de miles de raciones, mulas, bueyes, 3 millones de reales y 50 ex-doncellas con 100 renegados. ..

El Lord nombró á Don Carlos España Gobernador de Madrid, y este fixó al punto un bando para que todo el que sepa el paradero de efectos franceses, ó de viles Españoles los manifieste en el termino de 8 dias. Se cree parta pronto el Lord, pues trata de batir á los gabachos en detal.

Note (9), p. 63.

The manner in which the French destroyed their cannon upon raising the siege of Cadiz is not uncommon. The mortar which is now placed in St. James's Park has been rendered useless by this means, and bears the mark of the ball which was fired into its mouth.

Note (10) p. 66.

PAPELETA DE ENTIERRO.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

Bonaparte hijo de Leticia, Pepe hijo de la misma madre, Soult sátrapa de Andalucia, Semellé general de la costa, los demas parientes, albaceas y amigos del difunto *Sitio de Cadiz* que espiró en el dia de hoy, suplican á V. se sirva favorecerles con su asistencia para ver arder las baterias, reductos, repuestos de polvora, &c. incendiados (desde los campos de Salamanca por el celebre caudillo ingles Wellington) y atizadas sus llamas por los *fugitivos valientes* de las *invencibles* legiones que hoy se re-re-re-retiran *ácia adelante*. A lo que quedarán reconocidos. Cadiz, 25 de Agosto, de

1812. Vivia en Chiclana. Trocadero, Puerto-real y Puerto de Sta. Maria.

Al Señor Don Público.

### Note (11), p. 71.

So great was the confusion and surprise of the division of the French which was driven out of Seville by the handful of men under the command of Colonel Skerrett, that being very early in the morning, many of the officers are said by the inhabitants to have jumped out of bed, and made their retreat without their necessary quantity of clothes. General Villate is stated to have been one of those who was put to flight in this condition.

### Note (12), p. 73.

What is here recorded of Felix Alvarez is the faithful narrative of the conduct of the brave General Sir John Downie, then a Colonel in the Spanish army. The sword, which he preserved by throwing it across the bridge, was the identical sword which was worn by Pizarro during the conquest of America, and had been presented to Colonel Downie by the present Marquesa de Conquista (the title given to the family of Pizarro,) upon the occasion of the

consecration of the colours of the Legion of Estremadura, which was raised and commanded by him. The sword thus preserved was afterwards restored to him by the soldier who picked it up, upon his return to Seville, the French having left him some distance from the town, in their retreat, because they could carry him no further, taking, however, his parole not to serve for a certain time.

Note (13), p. 80.

The origin of the rosary is not the least extraordinary of the many miracles ascribed to St. Dominick. I have lately met a droll account of it, cõntained in a few words in an old description of the curiosities of Paris, by Monsieur Dulaure.

" Rien n'est plus miraculeux que l'origine du rosaire. Un jour Saint Dominique transporté d'un saint courage s'etoit si vigoureusement fastigé, qu'il tomba á demimort sous les coups de sa discipline. Marie le voit, vole à son secours, et le pressant contre son sein, lui dit: *Mon cher Dominique, sachez que la Sainte Trinité n'a point choisi d'autres armes pour effaçer tous les péchés du monde, que la salutation angelique, qui est la base et le fondement de la loi*

*nouvelle.** Après cette avis, Dominique s'empresse de precher et distribuer partout le rosaire. Ce fut alors que l'enfer irrité fit retentir les airs d'un bruit affreux de démons qui hurloient et crioient. *Malheur à nous, parceque par le rosaire nous sommes liés et enchainés avec des chaînes de feu.* C'est une grande preuve de la vertu du rosaire que le desespoir de ces diables.

Note (14), p. 81.

Among the various ways which the French invented to endeavour to legalise their gross impositions and robbing taxes, one of the most singular was a duty upon deaths, which was actually established in Seville a short time only before they were driven from the place. The plan was arranged in this manner: the old established parroquial fees upon funerals were taken off, and offices were appointed, where the relations of the deceased were obliged to apply for permission to have his body buried; for this permission they paid extravagantly, and without it no priest dare perform the sacred office. The priest afterwards, upon producing the permission, received a small sum, and the rest became the

* De fraternitaté rosarii mandalens.

perquisite, or rather the plunder of the French. The following is the edict which established this arrangement.

" Edicto—En atencion á lo acordado por la municipalidad en al art. 1° del reglamento formado para la recaudacion de los derechos de cementerios, se previene al público, que desde el dia 17 del corriente deberán ocurrir todas las personas que con arreglo al art. 5° y 6° del cap. 1° del reglamento provisional para los enterramientos, paguen algunos derechos mortuorios en su parroquia, á recoger la papeleta que designe el derecho que ha pagado y satisfecho conforme á la clase de enterramiento que elijan, en casa de los recaudadores que se han nombrado á este intento para cada cementerio, y son los sigmientes [here follow the names of the persons].

Recogida la papeleta segun va prevenido, se presentará á los Srs. Capellanes de los cementarios á que corresponda, quienes estan encargados de cuidar se hagan los enterramientos con arreglo al derecho que dexen pagado y designe la papeleta, sin cuyo requisito de ninguna manera lo verificarán ; y para evitar confusiones y que llegue á noticia de todos, se fixa el presente en Sevilla y Agosto 11 de 1812.

VENTURA RUIZ HUIDOBRO,

Secretario de la Municipalidad.

Note (15), p. 83.

The *ceceo* is the particular defect of the Andalusian manner of pronouncing the Spanish language. It consists in pronouncing the *s* like a *z* or a *c*, both of which letters sound in Castillian exactly like *th* in English. It is the provincialism of Andalusia to pronounce an *s* always like a *z*, and a *z* always like an *s*.

Note (16), p. 85.

In a chapter on the natural wit of the Spaniards, in the preliminary discourse to Don Antonio de Capmany's Teatro-Historico-Critico de la Eloquencia Española, this expression is stated as having been made use of in the exact manner in which it is here introduced; and the author brings it among others as an example of the strength and aptness with which the lowest and most unlettered inhabitants of Spain express themselves. On this subject he writes with all the force and enthusiasm so characteristically Spanish, when their "amada Patria" is brought into question. The following is the manner in which he relates the trait which I have adopted, and his observations on it:

"Un tio Machuca, anciano ordinario de Sevilla á la Corte, mas curtido de los soles y

trios que los mulos de su récua, por una gran urgencia tenia que emprender su viage el dia cabalmente de la fiesta del Corpus-Christi. Preguntéle yo en la vispera, como era tanta impaciencia en un hombre criado en el camino? y respondióme: *reniego de mi oficio; vea vmd qué dia mañana de arrear bestias, que por permisión de Dios ni las moscas habian de volar.* Qué orador ni que poëta podia encarecer mas la sántificacion del dia augusto del Señor? No dixo las aguilas no habian de volar; esto ya era vago y afectado; no las palomas: esto olia á lugar rhetorico ó concepto predicable; no los gorreones: esto era comun y pueril. Tampoco dixo los rios debian parar su curso; esto era pedir milagros á la omnipotencia, y no desearle el obsequio de las criaturas sino el trastorno del orden establecido en la creacion. Pues que dixo? estarse immobiles las moscas, que es decir, hasta el mas despreciable insecto; el viviente que menos parte parece que puede tener y tomar en la celebracion de tal fiesta; aquel en cuya accion de volar aparece menos trabaxo y esfuerzo; aquel enfin, cuyo vuelo es menos estrepitoso, cuyo movimiento y ruido, por su infimo y casi invisible objeto es menos capaz de distraer á los hombres de la reverencia y quieta contemplacion de la festividad

de tan alto misterio; pues sí, aun aquel animalejo debe reposar en obsequio del Señor. En la mosca compendió el tio Machúca todo el reyno animal, tal es la imagen, que por ser como la ultima y mas abreviada á nuestros ojos, supone ya en aquella obligacion de quietud á los primeros y principales volátiles. En la quietud y descanso de la mosca comprehendió este sencillo ordinario, por un dicho mas sencillo pero mui extraordinario, á los mismos elementos, prohibiendoles toda agitacion; y en la obligacion de cesar todo movimiento, parece abrazó á la naturaleza entera, que debia estar digámoslo asi, muda y baldada, menos ciega para contemplar sosegada y silenciosamente la solemnidad del Creador Sacramentado. Toda esta extension corre la frase, quando en aquella quietud reverencial se obligaba hasta el ultimo insecto. Yo no sé si esto pensimiento es oriental á occidental, ni si los Egypcios, Bracmanes, ó Laconios lo hubieran exprimido con mas consecion, energia, grandeza y sencillez. Puede ser que yo no lo haya bien entendido; mas, ay de aquel! que no entendiese la fuerza y sentido de este gallardo dicho aunque parezca fanfarron! que bien puede dexarse de leer Homeros, Hesiodos, Platones, y sus entrescarticos esoliadores, y exercitar las

fuerzas de sus brazos en cabar la tierra ó machacar esparto, paraque reposen las de su virgen y apalmazado entendimiento.

Note (17), p. 94.

A Spanish woman when married preserves her maiden name, and adds that of her husband to it, with the conjunction *y*, *and*.

Note (18), p. 99.

An immense number of the women of Seville became attached to individuals of the French army. The number which left the town during the period of its stay there, to accompany their lovers, was computed at upwards of 4000.

Note (19), p. 122.

This little story is not an imaginary one. It is related strictly and literally as it occurred; and many other English officers were acquainted with the parties as well as the author, who, in reading these pages, will recognize the characters of the jealous lover and his unhappy wife. The only variation from the exact truth which has been made in drawing these characters, is the speech which is stated to have produced the convulsions of the girl upon the return of the lover.

This it was impossible for the author to know, although the scene in every other respect is correctly drawn; but this speech was introduced for the purpose of relating another incident, equally true, although it was by no means connected with the story now related. The circumstance told by Captain Blackwell, at the end of the chapter, I heard from the person to whom it happened, and who is in every respect worthy of credence; in relating the two stories, I have only connected them together.

Note (20), p. 132.

These words are adapted to a wild and beautiful cossack air, which is very generally known. It has, I believe, been published with words by M. G. Lewis, Esq.

Note (21), p. 136.

A strong exemplification of the inherent and natural fondness of the Spaniards for the guitar, occurred when the Spanish prisoners, who had been detained in France for so long, and employed in the most laborious public works, were returning to their native country. I saw a great number of them pass through Saint Jean de Luz, and very many of them were provided with

guitars, which they slung about their shoulders and carried in spite of the inconvenience, the form and size of the instrument must have been to them in making long marches.

Note (22), p. 137.

These couplets are freely translated from some of the common verses, which are originally composed in the manner here described, and are afterwards transmitted from mouth to mouth, and sung by every child in the street. These stanzas are perfectly distinct and unconnected one with another, as is always the case with the boleras and tiranas, from which description of national music those here offered are selected.

Porque te miro en la cara
No por eso te he de amar,
Que hay muchos que van á la feria
Por ver, y no por comprar.

Al principio de amarse
Dos corazones
Nunca falta un diablillo
Que los estorve:
Pero en queriendo,
Se amarán aunque salga
Todo el Infierno.

Ó finges, ó no finges
Querido dueño;
Si finges, acabóse;
Si no, acabemos.

Note (23), p. 139.

The bolero here refered to is one of the most beautiful that I ever heard in Spain. It is composed by Sor. The words adapted to it are not translated from the original.

Note (24), p. 143.

The country about Añover del Tajo, is famous for potatoes, which are sold at Madrid for a higher price than those of other districts.

Note (25), p. 146.

This horrible story was related to me exactly in the same manner as I have made it relate to Felix Alvarez. I should have made it a point to see the unhappy survivor in the morning, as it was on the night of my arrival at Añover that I was informed of it; but I was suddenly obliged to leave the town in the middle of the night, and I had no opportunity. I, however, made a note of the circumstance, and mentioned the man's name, which is here recorded.

Note (26), p. 149.

This occurrence took place on the night before the affair of Bornos, where Ballasteros defeated a body of the French.

Note (27), p. 155.

The author was the last person who left the town of Cienpozuelos, before the French passed the Puente Larga, and of course entered it. He left it exactly in the deserted state here described; but shortly after overtook a body of its inhabitants, who were hastening towards Madrid. From them he heard accounts of horrors which it is impossible to describe, as having been committed by the French in their last retreat through the town of Cienpozuelos. The circumstance which is here stated of their conduct at the convent, is but a sketch of the enormities which they detailed to me as having occurred there. The lady abbess, who was eighty-three years old, was not safe from their infernal licentiousness; but their conduct saved them the trouble of killing her; she died!

Note (28), p. 158.

The lion here referred to stands upon the exact point where the road over the Sierra of Guadar-

rama begins to descend, and is the limit of the two kingdoms of Castille. The following is the mention made of it in the Guia de Caminos or post-road book of Spain.

"En lo mas alto del Puerto hay un Leon de piedra, sobre un pedestal de lo mismo, está apoyando las manos sobre dos mundos mirando á la parte del oriente; dicho pedestal tiene once pies regularesde largo, y siete de ancho, poco mas ó menos: tiene tambien una inscription latina, que no se conoce mui bien, y denota en qué reynado se hizo, y el año. Aqui empieza Castilla la Vieja."

Note (29), p. 158.

The battle of Salamanca is called by the Spaniards the battle of the Arapiles, having been fought upon the plains of that name, which are at a considerable distance from the town.

Note (30), p. 162.

This incident is a fact. The number of Portuguese women who followed the British army is incredible, and most of them suffered much greater hardships than the men to whom they attached themselves. Many of these wo-

men had remained with the army from its first arrival in Portugal, until they were obliged to quit it by orders from the chiefs, when it returned to England from Bordeaux. Those who had been thus constant were sent to their native country with the Portuguese army, which marched through Spain.

Note (31), p. 167.

The common manner of attracting the attention in Portugal is by hissing; and in calling any person, a Portuguese invariably accompanies his name, or his title, by the exclamation O!

Note (32), p. 172.

No person who has travelled in Portugal will be inclined to suppose this description of a real event to be at all exaggerated.

Note (33), p. 175.

The author witnessed the representation of this sacred play, in the Spanish theatre at Gibraltar. There are a vast number of the same kind, which are commonly acted at the sacred seasons, but hardly any more indecently ir-

reverent, or more preposterously childish, than *La paciencia de Job.*

Note (34), p. 182.

The conversation of these two guides here recorded was carried on with the author, in a situation exactly similar to the one in which Alvarez is placed.

Note (35), p. 185.

It was a common peasant whom the author accidentally met in the road, who thus explained the distance from Alcañizas to Trabazos, and as far as I have been assisted by memory, his own words are used. The justness of the distinction which he made has often struck me in situations where it would equally apply.

Note (36), p. 187.

This instance of British stoicism occurred in my own hearing, and I noted down the brave man's words in my common place-book immediately after.

Note (37), p. 189.

The French in their last retreat never passed a village, or the most insignificant hamlet, with-

out extorting contributions to the extent which they conceived it possible the poor inhabitants could produce. It is said that after imposing a considerable amount to be raised in a few mud cottages, they have not been ashamed to receive the paltry sum of twenty rials (a dollar) in payment of the absurd imposition. As the subordinate officers had so good an example set them by the generals who passed through the larger towns, the commander of every detached company or handful of men conceived himself authorised in imitating his superiors as far as he could in his small field of action.

Note (38), p. 193.

This remark has so frequently been made in the army, that it is hardly possible that any person connected with it can be ignorant of it. The coincidence of thunder preceding Lord Wellington's battles has been so often repeated, that there are many good British soldiers who superstitiously believe it to be an omen. In the actions which followed the battle of Vitoria to the termination of the Peninsular contest, the same precursor was generally observed even at times when the season of the year rendered such an event a phenomenon: and the minute details

of the last and greatest battle of the hero of Spain—the battle of Waterloo—are too generally known to all classes of the British public, to make it necessary for me to inform them of the storm which preceded that eventful day.

Note (39), p. 199.

The particular part of the battle of Vitoria here described is the progress and charge of Major General Sir G. Anson's brigade of cavalry, being that with which the author is more acquainted from his own observation.

Note (40), p. 201.

It is astonishing how speedily the dead and wounded men are stripped after a battle by these inhuman plunderers. The instance of it here related fell within the observation of the author.

Note (41), p. 204.

This was an incident told in the army, but for the truth of which I have no other authority than general report.

Note (42), p. 218.

The pass of San Adrian is here faithfully

described. It divides the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Alava.

Note (43), p. 223.

This account of the enthusiastic delight of the inhabitants of Tolosa is not exaggerated. The effect produced by the sudden and brilliant illumination of the town, as the soldiers passed through the principal street, is not to be described.

Note (44), p. 228.

This guerilla incident is one of the exploits of Espoz y Mina, and was performed by him at the head of a handful of Biscayan volunteers, to destroy the escort of a convoy, which was passing from Pamplona to Tolosa, at a time when the French were firmly established in the country, and when there was scarcely a hope of deliverance from them. It was related to the author upon the very spot where it occurred, which is correctly such as has been described, by the postillion who was conducting him with post-horses from Tolosa to Pamplona. It is impossible to hear this incident without being struck with the similarity of the manner in which the Spaniards under Pelayo gained the

battle of Covadonga, so beautifully described in Roderick the last of the Goths.

Note (45), p. 241.

The Bascuence language has not the slightest analogy with the Castillian, and there are not above thirty words of the latter which are ever introduced into the former. A Biscayan priest, whose name was Irremendi, undertook to form a grammar of this language; and after an indefatigable course of constant labour he produced one, which he entitled "*El Impossible vencido*," the impossibility vanquished. It can, however, be hardly said to be vanquished, for it seems only to have proved the impossibility of reducing the language to rules. He has not been able to erect fewer standards for the conjugation of the verbs than upwards of two hundred: and to almost all these different conjugations, there are innumerable classes of irregular verbs, which seem to differ as much from the conjugation with which they are classed as the several conjugations do one from another. Another great difficulty exists also in the various dialects into which the language is divided, it being spoken in a manner essentially different in two villages at the distance of three

or four leagues from each other, and in proportion as you increase the distance, the difference becomes greater, so that the inhabitants of one end of the province of Guipuzcoa are really at a loss to understand those of the other end.

Note (46), p. 242.

The original words of the song, to which these lines are adapted are subjoined as a specimen of the language:

Aitaric estut eta
Ama ere zartu,
Lagumbaten bearra
Echien badagu;
Zuc placer basenduque,
Nic naico sin duquet zu,
Ene decira zerden,
Orain badaquizu.

Zure borondateac
Biotza urquitudet,
Estut orain munduvan
Nic vertu decir ic;
Zu urus icusteco,
Ene Saietzian,
Eguiñendut segurque,
Es fortza gusteac.

Note (47), p. 246.

This account of the manner in which the French became masters of San Sebastian was related to me by one of its most respectable inhabitants, who also gave the account which follows of the manner in which they seized upon Pamplona.

Note (48), p. 248.

The following are the original words to the air to which these lines are adapted. The English lines take up the idea of the original, though they are not a translation:

Biotz biguñacuac
Ecu zitzen badu,
Mira garrisco ederrbat,
Buruba galtzendu.
Ni biotz deguñicua
Zu ederrmira iguia;
Nola estizut emango,
Anima gustia.

Ustarigo gorrada
Matrimoñiua,
Bein artu esquerostic,
Esta usticua.

Posible valitzaque,
Imposible dana
Laster larga corneuque,
Ni nere Senarra.

Note (49), p. 249.

The Biscayans bake their provision of Indian corn bread once in five or six months, and make it into enormous loaves, which they cover all over with bay leaves before they put them into the oven. They are then hung up to the beams of the house, and consumed as required. These poor people never think of eating wheaten bread; and when they saw the British cavalry give the Indian corn to their horses, they were shocked at what they considered a shameful misàpplication of the food of man, and would have persuaded the soldiers to substitute wheat for it.

Note (50), p. 251.

This description is drawn from the real effect produced by the illumination of the castle of San Sebastian, in honour of Napoleon's day, about a fortnight before it was assaulted.

Note (51), p. 255.

The road from Zubieta to Usurbil along the side of the river, will be easily remembered by

those who have ever seen it. It was passed by the author exactly in the situation which he has here described.

Note (52), p. 261.

This circumstance is a literal fact, to which the author was a witness.

Note (53), p. 265.

The destruction of San Sebastian has been very frequently discussed, and has given rise to a great deal of ill-will between the Spaniards and the British. It has been reported in a great many different ways throughout Spain, and generally very much against the allies. The manifesto, published by the inhabitants of the town after its destruction, is an exaggerated, and in many respects unfounded account of the horrors which are inevitable in a town taken by storm, and is written with a spirit evidently irritated and malevolent.

END OF VOL. III.

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